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Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photograph *Bert, Paris*

MLLE. REGINA BADET OF THE ANTOINE: A PORTRAIT IN COSTUME

The extreme scantiness of this dancer's attire in "The Woman and the Puppet" at the Théâtre Antoine, lately engaged the close attention of the Parisian authorities. Mlle. Badet however, proved to have more upon her than met the eye of the worthy Senator who raised the disturbance

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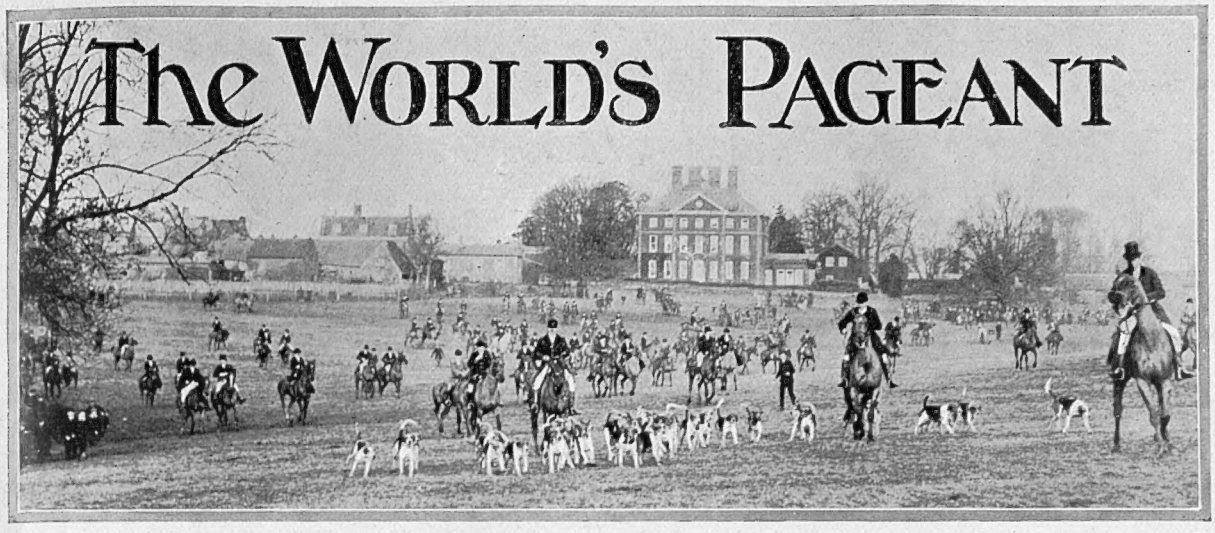
The World's Pageant



A Meet of the Whaddon Chase at Winslow Hall last Wednesday: General View of the Field

After several blank draws hounds found a fox at Winslow Spinneys, and a good run was enjoyed

Royalty

THE King and Queen are expected to make Windsor Castle their headquarters until they come to Buckingham Palace for the season a few days before the opening of Parliament. Both Dartmouth and Portsmouth say the King is to visit them soon, though nothing official has been announced, and during the spring it is probable that the King will go up to Balmoral for a little, in order to indulge in some spring fishing, a pastime which comes only second to shooting in His Majesty's affections.

The Beggars

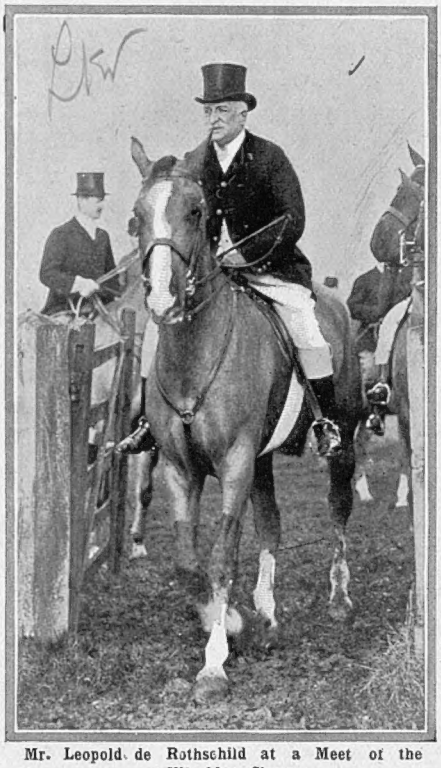
Charitable appeals are, at this time of the year, when the bills are falling in like rain, and economy is the one thing needful, generally somewhat in abeyance. This year, however, the chief calls upon the privy purse are for subscriptions to promote various King Edward Memorial schemes.

More Statues

Several of these proposed memorials are to take the form of statues, and this despite the fact that King Edward abhored them—and was always annoyed afresh every time his eye fell on the chaotic mass before the Palace, which will, one day, I suppose, take unto itself the shape of Queen Victoria. In the majority of cases, however, the money obtained is, by special request of King George, to be more sensibly expended.

The Mary Fund

Not the least ingenuous of the appeals of the moment is that which, I believe, originated with Lady Bute, and which is to get from every Mary in the land a subscription designed to go towards a Coronation present for Queen Mary. The subscriber may be, as the *D.M.* so tactfully and poetically puts it, "old or young, lowly or exalted;" she may send a penny or a pound, and either way will figure (but without figures) in the published subscription lists. And the amount acquired is to be expended on a piece of jewellery, though Her Majesty is already possessed of so many "pieces" that she can never, of course, wear even half of them.



Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at a Meet of the Whaddon Chase

He is the third son of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, and a keen supporter of the Whaddon Chase Hounds. He is also Joint Master of Lord Rothschild's staghounds

A King in Richmond

Royal Richmond is showing only a very refined and chastened excitement at having the ex-King of Portugal in its midst. The haughty suburb is, of course, too used to all that sort of thing to feel in the least overwhelmed, and it was only in Victorian days that it took no more notice of a King and Queen of Royal France walking down the road together than it does now of—well, of a Maid-of-Honour.

Abercorn House

Portugal's new home is a fairly roomy, Victorian mansion standing in some four acres of ground, and conveniently, if also somewhat depressingly, overlooking a church. It has been occupied successively by a Mr. Grahame, a Mr. Becker, Mr. Bell, founder of the *Weekly Dispatch*, and Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who has now at last persuaded Morocco to have him back again. King Manoël has been several times to the theatre already. Musical comedy is, of course, his "mark," and as it is also that of his chaperon, the Marquis de Soveral, master and man are putting in between them quite a good time.

A Newspaper Event

The journalistic event of last week was undoubtedly the coming of age of the *Daily Graphic*, on which the editor of my contemporary has received the congratulations of the King and more eminent men than one ever thought to exist. The *Daily Graphic* (an illustrated supplement on which is presented with this issue of THE BYSTANDER) needs no commendation from our modest selves, but a word may be said as to its services to journalism as a whole. It has succeeded in keeping alive the "penny tradition" in a half-penny age. Though it gives the public the very latest and "livest" photographs, it also satisfies the desire of the ordinary newspaper reader for accurate and exhaustive news. One word more—the *Daily Graphic* is one of the few Conservative journals that keeps its head. It has a way of sticking to its opinions, and, very often, of finding them justified by events. Long may it thrive!

Photograph *Bassano*

The Hon. Sidney Greville, C.B., C.V.O.

Who has been appointed Paymaster to the Royal Household. He is a son of the fourth Earl of Warwick

Gallant Five Hundred

The exact price at which the 500 new peerages are going has not yet, I understand, been decided. It has already been remarked, however, with what unprecedented generosity subscriptions to party funds, etc., are being made, while wives of possible peers are positively treading on each other's toes and tails arranging entertainments of the keeping-the-party-together variety which are to take place when Parliament reassembles.

The Country House

The country-house is, of course, the centre of the social universe just at the moment, not only in England (the country-house *par excellence*), but also in New York, where Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in his new play, *We Can't Be as Bad as All That*, is presenting for the ingenuous Transatlantic playgoer a delightfully imaginative picture of life as lived by the Best People in the best English country-houses. How true to life it all is may be gathered from the fact that most of the gentlemen in the play can never find their own bedrooms, and are prevented from breaking the Eighth Commandment on account of being "kept so busy violating its neighbour!"

Photograph *Keturah Collings*

Lady Ampthill

The new Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary. She is one of the few ladies entitled to wear orders. She received the order of the Crown of India in 1899 and the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal in 1906

Some Parties

The week's parties include another big one at Eaton which will welcome home its lord from Africa, and, incidentally, mow down some of the many succulent birds his Grace's lengthy absence has left standing. Immediately it is over the Duchess of Westminster flies to the south, but the Duke intends to remain in Cheshire for the rest of the hunting. Another big house-party of the week is at West Dean Park, the first, I think, since the death of King Edward. Here such clever people as Lady Tree, Lady Speyer, and Miss Ruth Vincent are assembled, and they are all to display their talents—Mrs. William James is a perfect showman — to-morrow night in the Chichester Corn Exchange in aid of the local infirmary.

A Birthday Party

Taplow Court, Lord Desborough's famous seat overlooking Boulter's Locks (the old one of many memories and the new one that is to relieve summer congestion), is not very big as country-houses go, and will be rather crowded when the very big house-party that is to celebrate the début of the daughter of the house assembles. Miss Monica Grenfell has, like her mother, one of the Queen's new Bedchamber Women, plenty of what is called *esprit*, and her dancing has for long delighted the Maidenhead democracy. Lady Desborough is, I suppose, quite the most interesting hostess of the day, and manages at her parties to combine with success those two so often incompatibles—beauty and brains.

New Year Humour

And apropos of parties "particulars have now transpired," as the crime reporters have it, of a pleasant little impromptu entertainment provided at the most popular of London supper-places on New Year's Eve. Anxious that the guests should have their full three or four guineas' worth,

Scotland's Pretty Princesses

THEIR HIGHNESSES PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

These are the only children of the Duke of Fife and the Princess Royal, and were granted the title of Princess and the style of Highness by King Edward, with whom they were very great favourites, in 1905. Princess Alexandra will be twenty this year. Princess Maud is two years younger. It is possible that the latter will make her début this year. Princess Alexandra, of course, is already out. Both are now in Egypt with their parents.

SEX AND THE SHORT STORY

A large number of readers have already complied with the Editor's invitation to tender their opinions on the above question, which was raised in our last issue by SAUNTERER. For readers who may have missed the article in last issue, the Editor begs to repeat that he invites opinions from the public on the question:

How far is it necessary that a short story should contain a "love" or a "sex" interest (1) from the standpoint of art and (2) from that of popular interest?

A prize of £3 3s. is offered for what the Editor considers to be the best letter received from a regular reader of the paper.

Quite apart from the money prize offered, the Editor has been honoured by the opinion of many eminent authors, critics, and editors, which he will publish separately in the next and subsequent issues.

and also that the fun should not finish too early, some high-spirited subalterns, after getting their own things, turned out the lights in the cloakroom and removed all the numbered tickets from the clothes to which they were attached.

Five o'Clock in the Morning

The scheme worked wonderfully! The new game aroused much interest, and even excitement, many eager inquiries being made for its inventors, and it was not until 5 a.m. on Sunday, January 1, that the last of the revellers left the place—in a tired-looking hat that, however, fully protected his ears from morning chills and a coat that made an admirable neck-wrap!

Doing "Time"

Let us hope that THE BYSTANDER photographer will not be arrested for taking the photograph of Glatz Fortress, which appears on this page. Lieutenant Helm was detained in England for a scarcely greater crime, and Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon, I understand, did not go so far as to use their cameras. Captain Trench is certainly to be congratulated on the appearance of his new home. It is pretty certain that both he and Lieut. Brandon will be promoted when their time comes, despite their absence from military duty. Are they, or have they been seconded, by the way? And for what purpose, will the *Gazette* state? "The following officers to be seconded while doing 'time'" would be a distinctly happy note for that prim publication to strike? But one despairs of coaxing a joke from the Military Secretary's Department.

Photograph *Harrison, Lincoln*

Captain Archibald Weigall

Unionist Candidate for the Horncastle Division and husband of the Baroness Eckhardtstein, whose alleged "shunting" of Tariff Reform has greatly agitated—nobody in particular

Captain Trench's Picturesque Prison: The Fortress of Glatz, in Silesia

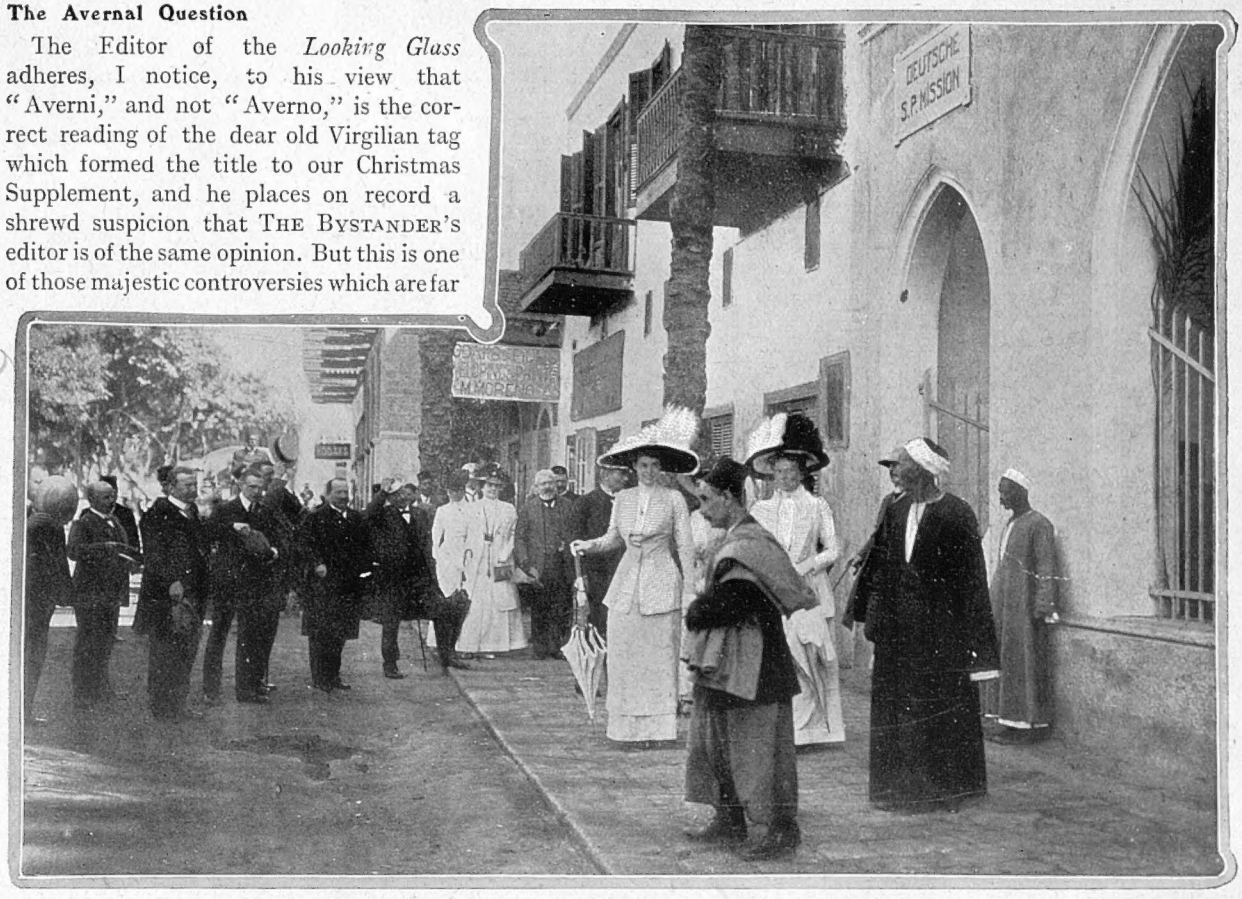
Captain Trench, one of our officers found guilty of espionage, is incarcerated at Glatz, which is about forty miles south of Breslau and is in the immediate vicinity of the Austrian frontier. It is in an extremely healthy agricultural neighbourhood

Next Steps After Stepney

SOME EVERY-DAY EPISODES IN LONDON LIFE WHEN STEPNEY METHODS ARE MADE STATUTORY

The Avernal Question

The Editor of the *Looking Glass* adheres, I notice, to his view that "Averni," and not "Averno," is the correct reading of the dear old Virgilian tag which formed the title to our Christmas Supplement, and he places on record a shrewd suspicion that THE BYSTANDER's editor is of the same opinion. But this is one of those majestic controversies which are far beyond the "i" or "no" of a mere editor. That Virgil wrote "Averno," and not "Averni" is the opinion of many most learned scholars, and if Mr. de Wend Fenton really presses the matter. I have a document at my elbow as I write, which, if hurled forth, will blacken beyond recognition the "i's" of all advocates of the genitive.



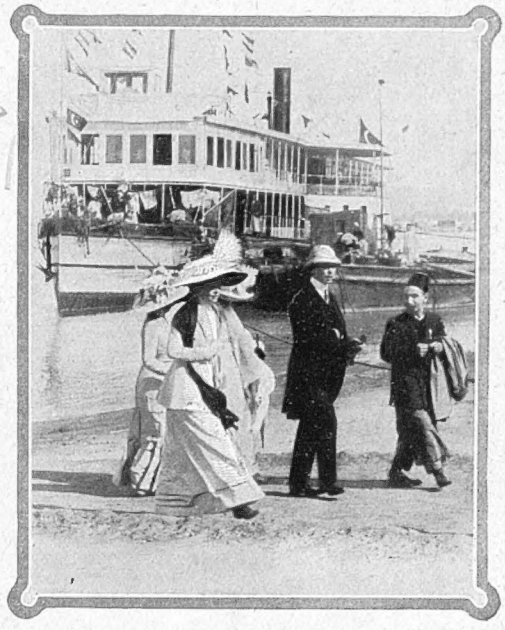
The Crown Princess

The German Crown Princess in Egypt: Leaving the Church at Assouan

Princess Cecily has been spending a very busy time in Egypt. At Assouan she was present at the races, and visited the bazaar. On the left of Her Imperial Highness in the above picture may be seen Excellenz Freifrau von Tiel-Winkler

Panto or Pander-mime?

Our appetite for criticism is, by the way, being admirably catered for this new year. Elsewhere, I report progress on the *Sex and the Short Story* controversy. Meanwhile, there comes (apropos Pantomime Principal "Boys") the following: "Whatever children like," writes a correspondent, "their elders prefer the knicker-bockered lady to any man, and your two pictures of Dolly Castles are prettier than those of a man would be." But who desires a man, or the exponent of a male rôle, to be "pretty"? That a taste for knickerbockered females and skirted males exists, I admit, but it is not a taste that is either sane or healthy. Surely a pantomime, which is a children's entertainment, should not be a pander-mime—to the perverted taste of a small section of adults. Most men and women, and nearly all children, like to see a youth's part played by a young man, and that there is no shortage of presentable young men on our stage is obvious by a glance at any musical comedy chorus in town. Is anything more tedious and stupid than to hear love-duets between two females, the "male" of whom has not even taken the trouble to adjust her hair to the requirements of the part.



The German Crown Princess Leaving the Boat at Assouan

Where she subsequently spent a long time sight-seeing

Fashions for 1911

I hear of perfectly wonderful things being prepared for our astonishment in the world of dress. Furniture fabrics are, I am told, to be more the thing than ever for evening wear, while hats are to be bigger and skirts, if anything, narrower, while the so-called waist-line is getting up under the arms again, and the fashionable 1911 figure is to resemble a parallelogram, a sort of elongated square. The *line* is to be the one thing needful, curves of any sort having been relegated to the privacy of things not shown. A lop-sided effect is desirable, and I await with keen interest the arrival in London of the shoe with the coloured heel patronised by the smart Parisienne.

The Cheap Month

In the midst of January we are in the sale-rooms. This is the baleful bargain month when abnormally useless articles may be purchased at twenty-five per cent. discount. Why delay the sale of those coronets, the Radicals are querulously enquiring.

A Royal Alliance

A Berlin correspondent writes that there is much talk in the German and Austrian capitals about a projected alliance to take place between the only daughter of the Kaiser Wilhelm, and the Archduke Charles Francis, heir-presumptive to the Imperial Austrian throne. The prospective bridegroom is already morganatically married, like the future Emperor of Austria (but little things like that don't seem to matter in the Very Best circles, do they?), while the Princess is not beautiful, none of the German Kaiser's children having inherited his good looks, but has an amiable expression, lovely yellow hair, and has managed very nearly to overcome the peculiarity of speech she inherits from her mother.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS NAOMI ANSTEY

Daughter of Colonel Anstey, of 45, Beaufort Gardens, whose engagement is announced to the Hon. Wilfred Egerton, son of the Earl of Ellesmere

Liberty Hall

On the opening page of our Christmas Number there was a drawing of Mr. Balfour pulling a cracker over the editorial head with Mr. Asquith. Mr. *Punch*, I see, has—no doubt unconsciously—borrowed the idea for page 1 of his new volume. I am gratified to have contributed an idea to our weekly gallery of national humour.

Ulster, What of the Night?

What do those S's on the murdered man's face portend? It is a shudderful business altogether. Are the police sure that there was not a stroke through them, thus $\mathcal{S}$ $\mathcal{S}$?

A Political "Agony"

"Archibald.—You are breaking up the home. Come back and all will yet be well."

This extract from one of last week's agony columns was no doubt intended for the eye of Captain Archibald Weigall, Unionist Candidate at the Horncastle by-election, and inserted by the Tariff Reform League. Certainly the Captain's nonchalant treatment of the "first constructive policy" was a little injurious to nerves already shaken by the Referendum shock.

The Duchess of Sutherland (centre) at Monte Carlo

Her Grace has a distinct objection to the snapshot camera, but our photographer may be congratulated on this occasion for obtaining a very pretty picture

Mr. Balfour to "The Bystander"

That Mr. Balfour intends to stick to his policy is the conviction of those who have lately been in the right hon. gentleman's confidence, and the very cordial terms of his private acknowledgment of The Bystander's recent article in support of the policy leave in my own particular mind no doubt that what he has said he has said. If Mr. Balfour really stood in need of strengthening his position as leader, he could not do better than emulate Mr. Gladstone in the 'seventies and retire—for awhile. They would then see how they would do without him.

Home Rule for Stepney!

Mile End is dealt with in a separate article of this issue. Incidentally, however, I may express my gladness that it is at last being agreed to keep the Jews out of the business. It is grotesque to associate with Anarchy a people whose whole history is wrapped up in Law, who, rather than abandon the laws of their race, have endured the persecution and obloquy of centuries. Probably, were the Jews left to deal with the affairs of London's Jewry, the alien criminal would swiftly be sent about his business. I wonder, by the way, did it strike Mr. Churchill in Sidney Street last Tuesday that the land in which he stood was as much a nation within a kingdom as Ireland itself? Will he consider the question of Home Rule for the East End? A Sanhedrin in the Mile End Road, with full legislative powers, would be an admirable Liberal solution of the alien difficulty, and would, incidentally, be a most picturesque affair to drop in and look at. Perhaps the idea will be taken up by some Israelitish Redmond, financed, of course, by foreign shekels.

A Neat Satire

How would France have dealt with the Stepney affair? Much more sensibly, of course, say critics in the British Press. A very different chain of probability is traced, however, by M. Clement Vautel of the *Matin*. Here is his list of the various processes that would have followed the outbreak:—

(1) M. Lepine demands instructions in high places. (2) Cabinet Council. Ministers decide to act with energy. The Prefect decides on his plan of campaign. (3) Anti-militarists issue a special edition of their journal, in which they defend the "two noble spirits" as men of high soul at war with brute force. M. Jaurés puts down an interpellation in the Chamber. (4) M. Lepine is begged, by high authorities, to rest in a state of expectation. (5) Great meeting in favour of the heroic besieged. (6) Several agents killed by the "heroes." Order given not to retaliate. (7) Great sitting of the Chamber. Interminable palaver, exchanges of epithets and blows, expulsions, etc., etc. (8) The authorities decide to end the matter. Deputation visits the besieged, imploring them to surrender. "With the honours of war only," reply the "heroes," "and on condition that we are treated as political prisoners." Request granted. (9) Anarchists condemned to death, but recommended to mercy. Six months after, released and set at liberty.

The Fashion Race: The East Leads!

Skirts, we are assured, are getting narrower and narrower. At the present rate of progress there will be nothing for it but to adopt such nether garments as those worn by May and Amy Fiu, the daughters of the new Chinese Ambassador, in the picture above

SILKS in the SUNNY SOUTH

SIR EDWARD CARSON (centre) AND MR. CHARLES GILL, K.C. (right), ABANDON THEIR BRIEFS FOR A BRIEF HOLIDAY AT MONTE CARLO

A Bad Sportsman

Mr. Carnegie, whose huge gift of money to the Kaiser has aroused so much comment, would not have achieved the material success that is his had he not his weaknesses, and conspicuous among them is his lack of sportsmanship. When he purchased his ancestral domain of Skibo Castle he was told that he must have a golf links laid out. He consulted a friend—an Edinburgh baillee—on the matter, and the magistrate commended the enterprise, adding that Mr. Carnegie should take to golf himself, for it would certainly put ten years on to his life.

"Well," said the ironmaster, "if you'll guarantee to put ten years on to my life I'll give you two million pounds." "I can't do that" said the honest baillee, "but I'll tell you what. I'll play you thirty-six holes for the two millions." To his everlasting discredit, Mr. Carnegie declined the sporting offer.

New Year Honours

The "gem" of the New Year's Honours List is unquestionably the baronetcy bestowed upon Mr. Prince Smith, of Keighley. This entirely worthy gentleman gets the sign of the Bloody Hand (excuse the language !) because he is a "leading manufacturer and citizen—and a magistrate" (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*). At this rate, a baronetcy will soon have the same charm to the cynical that the Bath had for Lord Melbourne—"no d——d merit about it."

Sir J. Lyons and the Sabbath

Still, many of the selections will be justly popular, and none more so than that which gives Mr. Joseph Lyons the accolade of knighthood. Sir Joseph is of the best type of Jew—and a good Hebrew takes a lot of beating. Here is an instance of his innate good breeding. Our Sunday, of course, to the Jew is a weekday, and is often privately used by him for the transaction of business. Sir Joseph is fond of entertaining his friends on a Sunday, but a condition of entry to the Lyons circle is that the Gentile Sabbath shall be rigidly respected, and that from first to last there shall be no mention of "bithneth."

"Dr. Jim"

The public at large will, no doubt, applaud the baronetcy which falls to the Rt. Hon. Leander Starr Jameson, but there are men who will not be exactly pleased with it. Not out of any personal ill-will to the clever doctor, whose beautiful "bedside manner" brought him an easy fortune in Kimberley, but because any mention of the Raid revives bitter memories. Bitter, aye, very bitter memories of foolish boasting beforehand in Johannesburg clubs and bars haunted by Boer spies, of ill-planned tactics, of leaders who shirked their leadership when the pinch came, of a white flag that went up somewhat indecently soon.

Queen Victoria and Sir H. J. Wood

So strong still is the idea that no musical good can come out of England that there are many people willing to wager that Sir Henry J. Wood is part foreigner. It must be admitted that the Celtic blood in his veins differentiates him from his fellow Englishmen. Even Queen Victoria was deceived by his appearance, and when he conducted the Queen's Hall orchestra at Windsor asked him whether he were really English. Sir Henry, in point of fact, is Welsh on his mother's side, a Cockney through his father. He is one of the few musicians of mark who have survived the label of "Infant Prodigy." As a conductor he can keep his orchestra in hand without swearing at them or imitating an earwig in a fit. His ability has been publicly questioned in the Press, and Upper Tooting tooted quite furiously for and against him. The discussion was pleasingly characteristic of a nation, the average musical member of which is in grave doubt as to whether or not Wagner was a great musician. Sir Henry as a man who has been through the mill himself is an uncommonly good friend to struggling talent.

Mile End Musings

THE POLICE DID THEIR BEST!—AND MR. CHURCHILL?

LAST week's amazing affair in Mile End, or Stepney, whichever it was, is now generally regarded as calling for convincing explanation. Did the occasion—two ruffians with revolvers in a bedroom—warrant the use of the weapons of warfare, and the placing of a whole district in a state of siege?

In the newspapers the affray was described at greater length than were the Battles of Colenso, Harbin, or Tsu-shima. Were we invaded there could not have been spent more ink, more type, and more brain-tissue.

One does not attempt to criticise the police for what they did or they didn't. After the event it is easy enough to think out possible *coups* by which the fugitives *might* have been captured. No doubt Sherlock Holmes would have presented the criminals to Justice without a shot fired, possibly by disguising himself as one of them. Or even Scotland Yard might have designed some plan whereby a couple of men could have been forced out into the open and seized, armed or unarmed, though it might have taken weeks and the most Machiavellian of tactics to do it. But there! Like the man at the piano, the police, no doubt, did their best.

What seems deficient is the statecraft behind the fowling-pieces of the police and the rifles of the Guards and the Maxims of the Artillery. Why *should* such things be? Is there, after all, anything wildly implausible in the conduct of Fritz, Peter the Painter, and the rest of the confederates?

The men were members of a community which, we know well enough, lives and thrives unchecked in our capital. From a country where to fight the police is an amenity of daily life, they come here and, being ignorant, suppose British police to be like Russian police—men to be fought with the weapons of war.

Where is our political common-sense that the possibility of these men being armed and using their arms, was never anticipated? Mr. Winston Churchill was on the spot on Tuesday "directing the operations, with his unique knowledge of real warfare." But what was he doing for his department *before* the outbreak? Stampeding the country, in conjunction with Mr. George, by violent appeals to class hatred. True, they didn't mean to incite to violence, but their speeches were music in the ears of advocates of social revolution. Mr. George went to Mile End, a district whose populace comprises alien refugees as much against as in favour of law and order. In Mile End he attacked the rich, and drew rounds of cheers from what were no

"Koenigsberg!" The Kaiser's Watchword

FOR THE NEW YEAR MILITARY PARADE IN BERLIN

The Kaiser and His Sons

The Kaiser on a Tour of Inspection

THE usual New Year's military parade at the Castle end of Unter den Linden was made interesting this year by the significance of the password, which everybody must know, if he would pass within eye-shot of the Imperial person. It was "Koenigsberg!" That has led to much speculation, as the Koenigsberg speech was one in which the Kaiser reiterated his "Divine Right" beliefs, and as a General Election is approaching, in which the Socialists count on great victories, "Koenigsberg" may mean that some sort of mailed fist movement is mooted.

Or has the Kaiser some great foreign scheme up his sleeve with which to awe his people into silence and admiration?

The actual New Year ceremony is one of great picturesqueness. Under, usually, a blue sky and in bright frosty air, the gilt helmets and sabres glitter, and the horses gallop, the crowds cry "Hoch," and all goes merrily as the surrounding bells. On the previous night Berlin has religiously soaked itself in beer and sung itself hoarse, and not a few broken heads tell the tale of affrays with the fearsome forces of Herr von Jagow.

The Kaiser and His Sons (the Group on the left of the Picture) Watching the March Past. In the Centre Picture the Kaiser is Watching the Artillery

Mile End Battle: Where Was Mr. Burns?

Police at Sydney Street Keeping the Crowd Back from the Besieged Building

The numbers of policemen are said to be accountable for by the fear that the fugitives might be assisted by fellow anarchists who swarm in the neighbourhood

mere "Liberal" throats. Mr. Churchill was a little less inflammatory, but he, too, was violent, and he certainly was not at his office. He dashed daily, did the Home Secretary, from place to place on polling days. Before that he motored and golfed and shot about the country, and occasionally he dropped in and released a few prisoners, after a prolonged sojourn—where? In the Near East of Europe, the guest of the Baron de Forest. What time apparently, did Mr. Churchill, the British Minister of the Interior, devote to the study of the internal conditions of the country?

But, if the Home Secretary was too busy to anticipate the trouble, he was not too busy to consider how to deal with it now that it had arisen. The Election was over, and Baron de Forest, prior to his own expected elevation to the British Peerage, had interested himself in aviation. Mr. Churchill had plenty of time, then, to think it over. What happens? Next time the police are fired on, our reply is—War! To deal with two Anarchists in an attic, we call up the military, with rifles and Maxims, and for eight hours a district of London is in a state of siege. We fly from inadequacy to excess.

Some people are pleased that such drastic steps were taken by the authorities. But what kind of service is it to the cause of law and order to blazon it forth to the world that two ruffians with revolvers in a bedroom can defy for even half a day a thousand police and soldiers with rifles? What, one asks, could twenty have done? Or two hundred? So great an advertisement of Anarchist power has never before been given to the world. Is it likely to be thrown away by them? On the contrary, Stepney is a stepping-stone. It will be repeated before long on a vaster scale unless—well, Mr. Churchill has his chance. He must, if he would gain a reputation for statesmanship, boldly look into this alien question and devise measures to rid London of one of its greatest dangers. He must abandon alliance with Limehouse; leave electioneering to the Liberal Whip, and face his duty like a man. There is nothing un-Liberal in law and order. Liberal statesmen before him have known when to strike. If Mr. Churchill aspires to the succession to the Premiership, he must at least gain the confidence of the best section of his own party. To be able to handle the affairs of the Empire, he must first show himself capable to manage those of—say—Mile End.

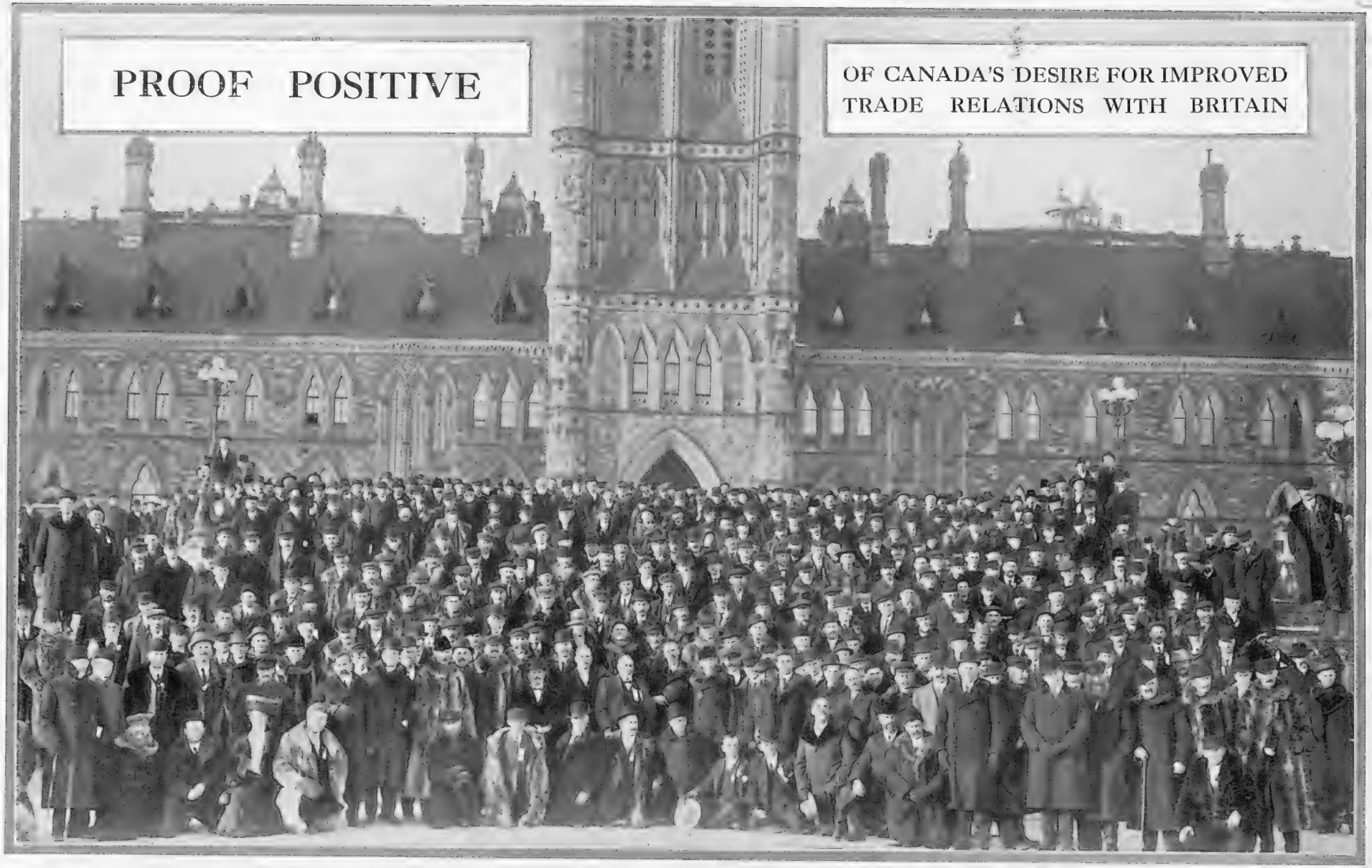
In the Public Eye: Mr. Churchill at the Front in Mile End

His great experience as a military campaigner stood the Home Seceretary in good stead when called upon to supervise the operations against the forces of anarchy (two in number) at the battle of Mile End, a place already familiar to Mr. Churchill as the scene of a speech by his favourite fellow-Minister, Mr. George. Some curiosity was expressed at the absence from the scene of Mr. John Burns in shirt sleeves, also as to what Mr. George will now do to give *him*self a little boom

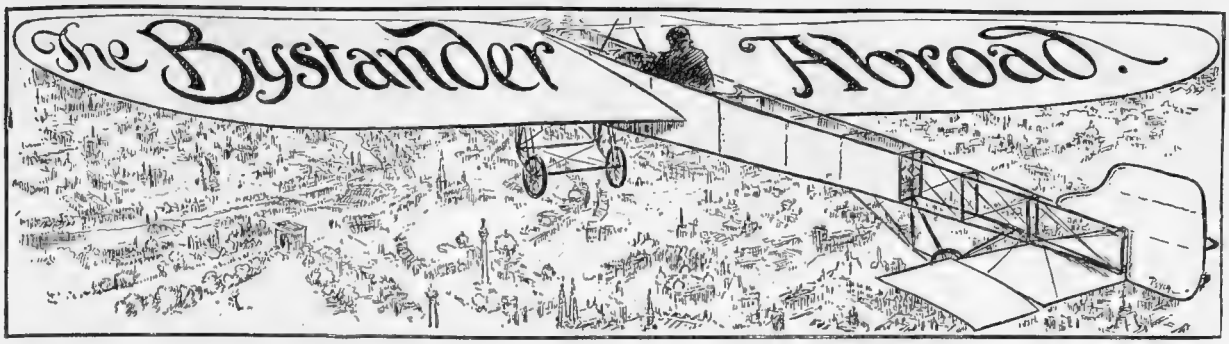
The End of the Battle of Stepney

BEFORE THE BURNING SCENE OF THE FUGITIVES' LAST HIDING-PLACE

When it became evident that no one could be any longer alive in the burning house (100, Sydney Street, Stepney), where the Houndsditch murderers made their last stand, the firemen were instructed to quell the conflagration as rapidly as possible. In the above picture it is interesting to note the faces visible after the fight at bullet-spattered windows.



800 WEST CANADIAN FARMERS BEFORE THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT OTTAWA, WHITHER THEY HAD GONE TO DEMAND OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER TARIFF CHANGES LIKELY TO BRING ABOUT CLOSER RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN



PARIS TOPICS

From Our Own Correspondent

THE New Year fêtes in Paris have this year been extremely brilliant, and judging from the official speeches which have been exchanged between the President of the Republic and other high personages of the State things look very hopeful indeed. New Year celebrations in Paris are the same as they have been for many a day. Theatre and supper accompanied by as much laughter as possible until it is daylight, is the Parisian's pet method of bringing in the New Year. At all those theatres where *le rire* is the chief characteristic of the piece, seats could not be procured for "love or money." *C'est la nouvelle année, il faut rire*, and they are ready to pay any price in order to do so. Thanks to the kindness of my friends, I was able to have a really good laugh at what is the topical play for New Year, *Le Bois Sacré*, which has been performed 200 times on this side of the Channel, and fell almost flat as *Decorating Clementine* on the other. M. Etienne, the War Minister, and three of his colleagues, including M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, who is so cleverly caricatured in this piece, were there enjoying a "good laugh" over the intriguing necessary to get French decorations on the eve of the day when the Paris "Honours List" is published.

Prince von Bülow (formerly German Imperial Chancellor) and Princess von Bülow, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on the 9th inst.

It is an interesting experiment to have supper in as many different parts of Paris as possible. At the Café de Paris and Montmartre you pay £2 for a very ordinary supper without wine, but nobody who goes there seems to grudge the money. In the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne the supper-parties are "rowdy" beyond description, but they are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. All the Paris students, artists, writers, musicians, now that the Montmartre prices are no longer possible for them, band themselves together to make up for the many, many days during the year "when the cupboard is bare and the poor fellows have nothing to eat." There is nothing vulgar, or worse than vulgar, at the "Boul Mich" festivities. It is the one day in the year when all care is put aside and mirth is the order of the day, when a budding Verlaine forgets the poems that will not sell and Paganini the café concert performances with which he keeps body and soul alive. There were speeches and toasts, as witty as they were clever, and curious it was to notice that all of them were greeted with loud cheers of "*Vive Briand.*"

One of the men in our party, an ardent Royalist, drew our attention to this, and commented on the extraordinary popularity of Briand. Without going as far as to believe that there is a very important movement on foot to make Briand dictator, one cannot help noticing the very great power he has acquired in a very short time. M. Briand is at present "taking it easy" at a friend's villa near St. Raphael, and after the hard work he had last year (1910), nobody grudges him his well-earned rest. "Provided he does not take it too easy," one of Briand's great admirers said in answer to my question about his future. Briand of late has been showing towards his enemies that "magnanimity" for which he has so often clamoured in Parliament. It's a very fine sentiment, but it does not pay. There is only one way of governing France, and that is to terrorise one's enemies. And M. Delcassé is always active, slowly, silently, but surely he is working to overthrow the Briand Ministry, and what M. Delcassé makes up his mind to do—he does.

It is curious to notice that among those who interest themselves in foreign politics in Paris, few consider the silent, Russian Ambassador, M. Isvolsky, more than a Minister *en disponibilité*. They consider the Paris Embassy a gentle method of punishing him for his errors. There is one man in the Diplomatic Corps here, however, who has learnt the wisdom of the expression "still waters run deep," and who will be keeping watch over M. Isvolsky's every movement, that is Samad Khan, one of Persia's most talented and remarkable representatives. He has seen at a glance that M. Isvolsky intends to be stronger here in Paris even than he was in St. Petersburg, and that with M. Pichon and Sir Edward Grey under his thumb he can at the same time direct the Russian Foreign

KING OF SPAIN

A Royal and Diplomatic Shoot at Riofrio (Madrid) Attended by the King of Spain and Ambassadors of England, Austria, France, and other Countries

Office and keep his eyes on the East. Samad Khan who holds Russia responsible for all the woes that Persia is now enduring, is trying to get British protection for Persia without the Russian, and is leaving no stone unturned to further the accomplishment of this end. What an interesting duel is going on *sub rosa* and so few have noticed it!

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

BERLIN'S only topic is the Crown Prince's frivolity. When the Heir to the Throne departed for his "Studienreise," serious Germans rejoiced at his conversion to the strenuous life. For the official description, "Studienreise" means a "voyage for study." Naturally, prophetic heads were wagged about the momentous political results. The Court, said people, is at last awake to the tremendous import of Asia; it sees that the next Kaiser must be as at home there as is his father in Europe.

And now everyone is censuring the Prince for studying nothing but polo, pig-sticking, tiger-shooting, and the etiquette of Hindu Courts. For weeks after the Prince landed at Colombo came daily telegrams dealing exclusively with his sporting prowess. At last Radical and Socialist newspapers commented so ironically on the "Studienreise" that the news agency got a hint, and thereon was issued a ponderous despatch explaining that all the former telegrams were a mistake. The Prince, said the correction, was hard at work; he had a magnificent travelling library in his train, from which he was as inseparable as were the Siamese twins. Moreover, the Indian Government had chosen for his companions only officials who were skilled in imparting facts at quick-lunch rate. At this transparent explanation the Radical and Socialist newspapers laughed louder than ever. What, they asked, is the use of a Crown Prince who plays the game of life in such a frivolous mood?

As a result there has begun a general discussion of the problem, why does the Crown Prince when at home uninterruptedly shoot, ride, skate, and attend aeroplane meetings, while everyone else is at work? The answer is that he lives this life because it is exactly what is wanted by his seniors. There is an old Hohenzollern tradition which excludes the heir from all public life, even as representative of the Sovereign. With the exception of Frederick the Great's martinet father, who disliked young Fritz's fiddle and French verses, all Hohenzollern Sovereigns have rejoiced when their heirs were frivolous and been angry when they lapsed into brief seriousness. Wilhelm I. laid down emphatically the rule that the Crown Prince Friedrich must not be asked for advice. "Otherwise he would play a dominating rôle." He kept the heir out of all politics, and the historian Treitschke praised him for it.

Owing to this tradition the Kaiser's Court, and probably the Kaiser himself, are quite content that the Crown Prince does nothing but amuse himself. Rigid care is taken that he shall not act as the Kaiser's representative on ceremonial occasions. The Prince himself does not desire a political rôle. That, from the Court point of view, is his merit at the present and his demerit when he becomes Kaiser. With considerable capacity and unusual quickness he combines levity of mind of a distinctly schoolboyish and irresponsible type. In practical affairs and in politics he is still aged twenty. Luckily, the Crown Princess is of a markedly different type. Uninformed persons are inclined to identify the two, merely because the Princess, like her husband, is known to the public by her eternal kindly smile. As a fact, however, the Princess Cecilie is made of much more solid material. She is said to resent being pent up in a political nursery, and at seeing her husband playing a meaner part in the Empire's government than does any Socialist workman—who, at least, has a Reichstag vote. But she realises that the Crown Prince must qualify for a great rôle before he tries to play one. Had she completed the Asiatic voyage probably less would have been heard of polo and tiger-shooting and more of the "Studienreise." However, the Socialists and other malcontents would not have had such good material out of which to make capital, and even—so some of them threaten—to ask the question in the Reichstag, "What were the Crown Prince's particular studies during the 'Studienreise?'"

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Interesting Photographs From Egypt

Temple of Isis and Kiosk at Philae

The most striking monument on the Island of Philae (at Assouan) is the beautiful Temple of Isis, one of the finest specimens of architecture the Ptolemies have bequeathed to Egypt

Fishing-boats at Assouan, near the Cataract Hotel

Assouan is a potential health resort. From January to April the climate is perfect. It is here that the great barrage of Upper Egypt has been built, the greatest engineering enterprise, after the Suez Canal, ever carried out in Egypt

Horus, the Hawk God, in the Temple of Edfu, whose resemblance to Mr. John Redmond will at once strike the reader

We apologise for not being able to detect a resemblance to the British Premier in the human figure at the feet of the idol

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"BEAU BROCADE" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

THE entertainments of the present theatrical season seem to have been specially designed for the young and unsuspecting. This is another of them. I have regretfully to confess that I am no longer in the first pink flush of blooming youth, or whatever it is that poets call it, and I begin to suspect that I bring too serious a frame of mind to bear upon plays that deal with schoolboy pranks or dashing highwaymen. *Beau Brocade*, for instance, seems to me a highwayman who might dash a good deal more without giving anybody a dangerous shock; indeed, he is not half wicked enough for my fancy. His exploits seem to arise from motives that are always pure and lofty. He takes from the rich only that he may give to the poor—and I have met less considerate highwaymen (and women) at a charity bazaar. The chief exploit of his career, the adventure which forms the subject of this play, is no more than a self-sacrificing effort to prevent injustice being done. I think I prefer the refreshingly wicked highwayman of my school days—the villain who was so depraved that we even looked for him under the beds in the dormitory in case he should be hiding there with fell designs on our gun-metal watches and the balance of our pocket-money. Beau Brocade, instead of being an abandoned ruffian steeped to the neck in all kinds of picturesque crime, seems to me to be the kind of person whom you could approach with every confidence with the view of negotiating a trifling loan till Saturday.

HERE we are at the smith's Forge, at Brassington, Derbyshire, in June, 1746. With so clear a definition of the position as this is, we can generously dispense with the precise time of the first scene in hours and minutes. The Earl of Stretton is suspected of being in league with the rebels; but his young and lovely sister, Lady Patience Gascoyne, has papers which prove her brother's innocence, and she is about to start for London to lay them before the King. Unfortunately the pleasing tale is complicated at this point by the introduction of a villain—Sir Humphrey Challoner, to wit. Sir Humphrey is enamoured of the young and lovely Patience; but she scorns his suit. Therefore Sir Humphrey proposes to steal those valuable papers, and then to explain to the scornful young lady that he alone knows the truth, and that she must marry him in order to save her brother's life. Dear, dear, where are the police? In pursuance of his sinful plan Sir Humphrey gets somebody to ask Beau Brocade to stop Lady Patience's coach on the Heath and rifle it. Beau Brocade may keep for himself all the gold and silver and jewellery and odd change that he finds in the coach, but he must give the papers to Sir Humphrey, who claims them as a sort of commission for the introduction of business. As it happens, Beau Brocade meets Lady Patience just before she sets out on her journey, and you can see in a minute that it is a case of love at first sight on both sides.

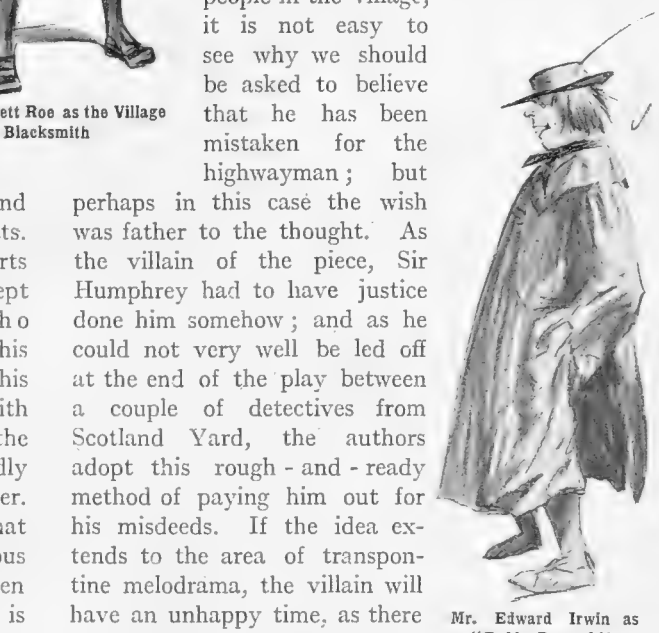
Miss Grace Lane as Lady Patience Gascoyne and Mr. Bertram Wallis in the title-rôle in "Beau Brocade" at the Globe Theatre. Sketched by Norman Morrow

CONSEQUENTLY, when Beau Brocade stops the coach on the Heath and recognises Lady Patience, he robs her of nothing but a little of her valuable time. He begs that she will give him her hand in a dance, and even threatens her, in the event of her refusal, with the acute discomfort usually incidental to a point-blank shot from a loaded pistol. While they are dancing, with a dainty gracefulness, the extremely wicked baronet creeps on the scene and steals the papers from the coach. The papers are conveniently packed in a small box in order, no doubt, to make them more readily portable by a chance thief. I heard once of a lady who having valuable papers to carry across country prudently hid them in her stocking—but that is another story altogether. And, besides, it isn't likely I should know what I am talking about. Let us, therefore, leave these fanciful legends and stick to the facts. Beau Brocade starts forward to intercept the thief, who promptly shuts his eyes and fires his pistol in the air with the result that the highwayman is badly hit in the shoulder. A marksman like that must be as dangerous as (so I have been told) a woman who is throwing a stone at a bird. Anybody within range is liable to be hit by the stone, more especially if he happen at the moment to be standing behind the thrower.

Mr. Bassett Roe as the Village Blacksmith

The Villain Sir Humphrey Challoner (Mr. J. J. Bartlett)

BEAU BROCADE does not know where the papers are, but he pledges his word that he will find them, and the curtain falls to loud applause. The first scene of the next act is humorous, the humour having been supplied, apparently, by someone who is not accustomed to handle delicate merchandise of this class. The first outbreak takes the form of a pompous parish beadle, who talks at considerable length in the erratic style of Mrs. Malaprop. You get the impression, as you listen, that the distorted words have been carefully and laboriously put together with the mathematical precision of a toy puzzle. Their only defect is that they are not amusing; and I always think there is something wrong with humour when it does not amuse. The next outbreak is far more elaborate. Someone professes to have secured a description of Beau Brocade, and gives instead a description of the villain, Sir Humphrey, who directly he appears on the stage is arrested, placed in the stocks, and pelted with vegetables. Ha, ha! What? Considering that Sir Humphrey appears to be one of the magnates of Brassington, and one of the best-known people in the village, it is not easy to see why we should be asked to believe that he has been mistaken for the highwayman; but perhaps in this case the wish was father to the thought. As the villain of the piece, Sir Humphrey had to have justice done him somehow; and as he could not very well be led off at the end of the play between a couple of detectives from Scotland Yard, the authors adopt this rough-and-ready method of paying him out for his misdeeds. If the idea extends to the area of transpontine melodrama, the villain will have an unhappy time, as there is a fair chance that the young bloods in the audience may take a hand in the fun and find a target for their unused election eggs. The chief point of this scene occurs—like the sting of the wasp—at the end. A hue-and-cry is started after Beau Brocade. The authorities have already offered two hundred guineas reward for the highwayman's capture, and Sir Humphrey now increases the prize to six hundred. As he makes the announcement the lads and lasses of the village troop off with an



Mr. Edward Irwin as "Teddy Payne!"

Sir Humphrey has a Bad Time at Brassington

SKETCHES AT THE GLOBE THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

excited shout, though I should have said, myself, that the chance of one of them catching an armed and mounted highwayman, or of holding him down when caught, was fairly remote. Still, this is a romantic play, and due allowance must be made for poetical licence.

THE scene changes, and we are on the Heath once more. Optimistic rustics with lanterns are dodging about looking for the highwayman behind trees and bushes, and we who know that Beau Brocade is in hiding close by are fervently hoping that no one will find him. I believe, as a clear matter of fact, that to express such a hope in respect of a fugitive from justice is immoral; and I have an impression that to actively encourage anyone who aids and abets the wanted person to escape is a statutory offence. But you can't ask the public to think of morals when they've come out to enjoy themselves. So they encourage Beau Brocade with their cheers as he eludes his pursuers; and they vigorously applaud him when he hits upon the happy idea of giving a passing shepherd a guinea for his smock and hat. And when the soldiers and the mob passed the disguised highwayman by and told him not to worry because they did not want *him*, the house cheered with delight.

THE purchase of the shepherd's smock enables Beau Brocade by a felicitous concatenation of fortuitous circumstances (so to speak) to keep his plighted word with regard to the recovery of the missing letters. He spends a little time in moaning melodramatically over the assumption that the documents in question are lost to him for ever, and then he puts his hand into the smock pocket, and—oh, heaven! what are these? They are the missing letters, of course. Anybody would have guessed it, even if he had not had the advantage we had enjoyed of seeing the shepherd put them there himself. This fortuitous circumstance (have I used those hard words before?), together with a free pardon for the poor dear highwayman, bring this romantic play to a close. The production has a somewhat exceptional interest in the fact that Mr. Bertram Wallis, the justly admired hero of musical comedy, makes his first appearance as a romantic hero without music, and achieves a very creditable success. It is probably not very easy to turn from the stilted poses of comic opera to the lively attitudes of romantic drama; but Mr. Wallis does very well, and will certainly do better with a little more experience in this new branch of his art. The traditions of melodrama would seem to demand that something violent should have happened to the villain Sir Humphrey, but perhaps it was felt that as forgiveness was in the atmosphere, he ought to be included in the general amnesty. He was allowed to go free accordingly, while we were left with a general inference that as soon as Beau Brocade had rejoined the army (from which he had been unjustly dismissed), he would marry the heroine and live happily ever after, as all married people do. It goes without saying that as far as face and figure are concerned Mr. Wallis is the ideal representative of such a character as Beau Brocade. Miss Grace Lane as the heroine has not much to do; but she does that little with a nice art; and I should think, if the humorous department is attended to in a more businesslike spirit, the piece may do well. It has its faults, of course; but which of us is blameless? JINGLE.

Girls in Boys' Parts: After Pantomime, the "Revue"

Last week, we protested against the impersonation of pantomime principal "boys" by young persons of the opposite sex. This we now follow by a similar protest in connection with ballets and revues. On the Continent, young men's parts are played by young men, which is not only more in accordance with common sense, but fairer from a point of view of employment. Why should young men, quite able to look presentable, and to act and to dance, be kept out of earning a livlihood in order to perpetuate an absurdity of which the greater part of the public is heartily sick? Our photograph is a scene in the new revue at the Alhambra, and the girl-boys will be seen on the right and on the left, not even the waiters' being played by men

Alien Types in London

No. II.—AMERICANS IN LEICESTER SQUARE

BY NORMAN MORROW

GOSSIP FROM THE RIVIERA

BY THE BYSTANDER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

NEW Year's Eve saw not only the inauguration of the new Rooms at Monte Carlo, but also marked a new departure in the policy of the Société des Bains de Mer, in that for the first time in the history of that mighty company it has been decided to make people pay for the pleasure of either winning or losing their money at trente-et-quarante or roulette. This payment, be it understood, is confined entirely to the new *salons*, admittance to the old part of the Casino being still gratis. The idea of making people pay for the privilege of using the new building is with a view to keeping it select and to do away with that overcrowding round the tables, which has made gambling anything but an easy or a pleasant occupation during the height of the season. It remains to be seen, however, whether a charge of twenty-five francs per week or fifty francs per season will be sufficient for the Société's object to be attained.

Dr. Baron Henri de Rothschild at Monte Carlo

PROMINENT PEOPLE ON THE RIVIERA

There was nothing very formal about the inauguration of the new Rooms on New Year's Eve. M. Camille Blanc presided over a banquet in the new Salle de Musique offered to the architect, builders, decorators, etc., and after the usual speechifying everyone trooped upstairs to the new *salle de jeu*, to which the public were admitted, for this night only, free of charge.

Mr. F. Barnard, the Owner of Kaffir Chief, at Monte Carlo

The holiday fêtes are over at last, and he must have been a glutton for pleasure who did not have his fill. Lunches, dinners, *reveillon* suppers lasting all night long, gambling, automobile excursions, etc, etc., etc. What a week it has been, and now the racing division have arrived, and we shall be, if possible, "busier" than ever. Nice has filled up tremendously, and at more than one hotel they are beginning to refuse guests, and Monte is at last waking up, though the big crowd is not there yet.

Mr. Darnborough, by the way, has been giving the Rooms a wide berth, and has been trying his luck at baccarat at Nice instead, with the result that, so far, he is about £5,000 the poorer. At the New Year's Eve supper at the Nice Casino he was recognised by a crowd of revellers, who got up on their chairs and gave him "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" with great vigour. The bashful Darnborough bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment, but refused to reply to the cries of "How did you do it?"

They are beginning to play very high at the Nice Casino, by the way and the other afternoon at least a dozen tables were going strong. The Belgian banker has returned, but luck so far is against him, a fact which fails to disturb his perfect equanimity. One sees a lot of well-known faces these days, including that of Colette Willy, who is appearing at the Capucines in the scantiest of clothing; several of the jockeys, including the always exquisite Alec Carter; Captain Langton, taking a rest from his duties at the Paris Travellers; and a well-known solicitor, whose voice was heard to great effect in "The Man Who Broke the Bank."

Mr. Henry Ruhl, Manager of the new Carlton Hotel, Cannes

By the time this sees the light of print the new Cannes Carlton will have been opened. Mr. Henry Ruhl has flown down to put the finishing touches to the latest of his many creations, and there seems no reason to doubt that the hotel will be a huge success. He is a wonderful person, this Mr. Henry Ruhl, with all his enterprises scattered over France, the control of each one of which he keeps in his hands. He is only forty-three years of age, and bears the fatigues of perpetual travelling wonderfully, and not a detail of his business escapes his attention. It is probable that he will be able to retire in a few years' time, the possessor of a large fortune.

Pay, Pay—Play!

A MONTE CARLO CASINO EXTENSION TO WHICH ADMISSION WILL BE CHARGED

The New Gaming Room at Monte Carlo: Opened on New Year's Eve, to which admission is obtained by payment of 25 francs weekly. Inset is the interior of the Salon

The New Gaming Room at Monte Carlo—South View

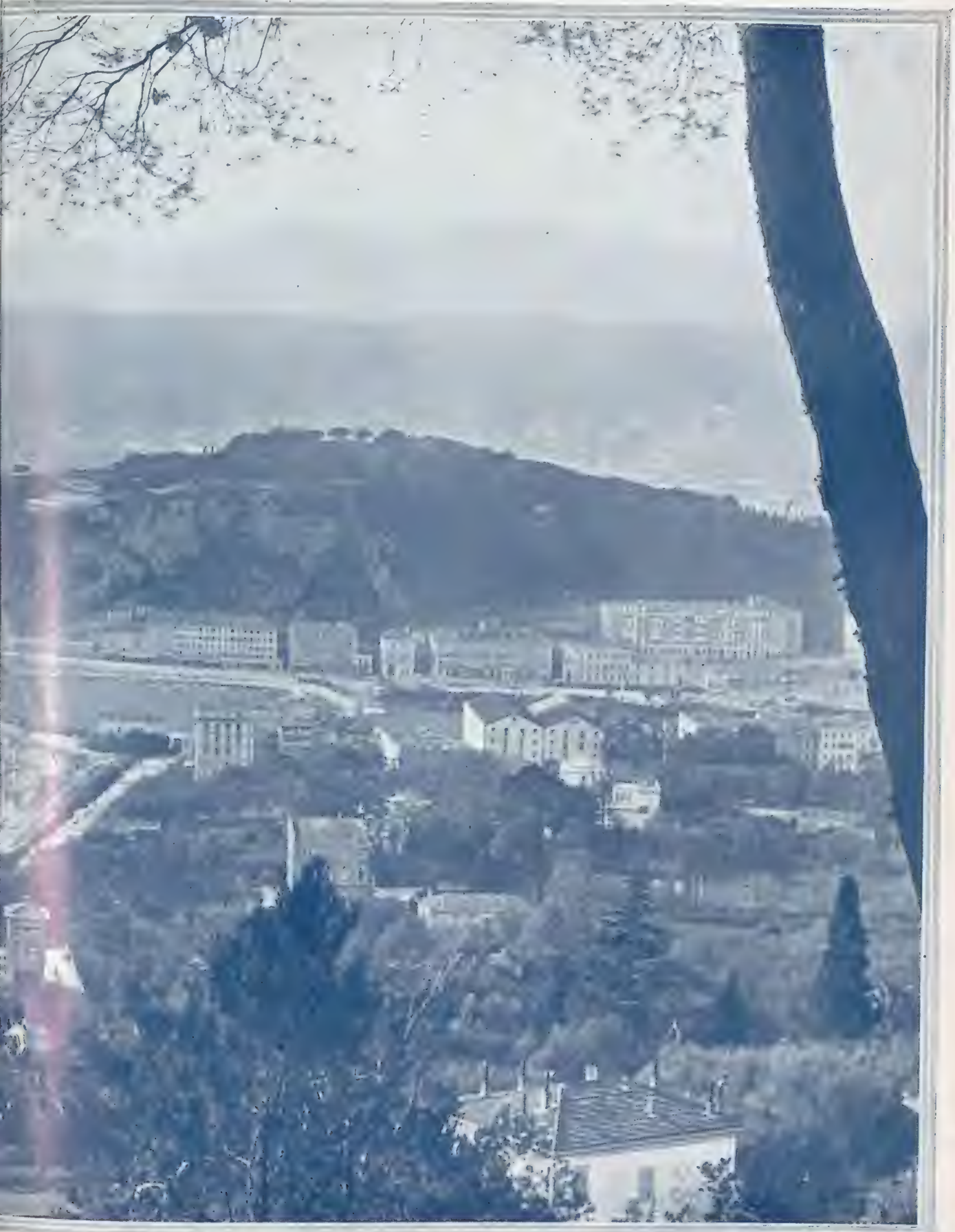
It must be admitted that the Société des Bains de Mer has done nothing to detract from the beauty of their famous Casino by this new annexe. The architect, M. Medecin, has been clever enough to preserve the lines of the new building from clashing in any way with those of the old, and so well has he done his work that it seems hard to realise that the Casino has been enlarged at all

Nice From a Novel Aspect: Alluring Viev

Photograph

Patronisingly, and in true British fashion, we are apt to speak of Nice as though her sole raison d'être were to provide sunshine
winter resort are well known, is also, incidentally, a city of over 150,000 souls, quite two-thirds of which live and toil there all
so inclined, to explore the narrow streets between the Paillon and the Chateau Hill, where the picturesque, if rather squali

of the Beautiful Resort From Mont Boron



Horace W. Nichols

nd scenery out of season to invalids and jaded fugitives from the English winter. Nice, whose gaieties and delights as a warm he year round. It is not only possible for the visitor to bask in the sunshine of the Promenade des Anglais, but also if life of a Southern French city goes on undisturbed. Nice is but nineteen hours from London, and fourteen from Paris

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXVII.—THE SOUTHDOWN

The Kennels, Stables, and the Pack in the Exercise Yard

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

Mr. V. P. Misa, the Master of the Southdown Hunt

THE country which is now the Southdown was in 1815 being hunted by Mr. King Sampson, who cheered his hounds to both hare and fox in the Hailsham district. In 1820 a battery of R.H.A. was quartered at Ringmer Barracks, and the officers got together a pack of hounds, of which Mr. King Sampson's pack no doubt formed the nucleus. Major Carter acted as Master, and the neighbouring gentry helped to finance the Hunt. Kennels were erected on Government property, though the War Office soon ordered their removal. Broyle Gate was then their home, but in 1827, the barracks at Ringmer being pulled down, bar the officers' quarters, Lord Gage offered to stable the Hunt stud at his own place at Firle. He afterwards bought some land at Rushey Green, Ringmer, and built kennels and stables, using the old barrack materials. Just before 1843 the Hunt came to an end, as there was nobody ready to take over affairs, and the hounds were ordered to be killed! Fortunately, Mr. Freeman Thomas, of Ratton, resuscitated the pack, and in 1843 it became known as the Southdown, with kennels at Eastbourne. Subsequently it was deemed advisable to bring hounds back to their old quarters at Ringmer, which, owing to Mr. Freeman Thomas's persistent efforts with the War Office, was ultimately permitted.

And here hounds are still lodged in not very attractive-looking quarters, which are quite unworthy of this fine pack, the huntsman occupying what were the officers' quarters. The pack consists of fourteen couple of dog hounds and thirty-five couple of bitches, the former showing tremendous bone, good ribs, backs, and loins, and they are straight. The shoulders are, I think, somewhat deficient, and they lack a certain amount of quality. In colour they are mostly dark, and throw back to the Cleveland Dashwood—a notable hound for work. In their work they are exceedingly good, and have tremendous nose, working out a cold scent well, though, perhaps, they are a little lacking in drive. The bitches have good frames, and are mostly big, attractive-looking, level hounds. They show a good deal of tan and a few lemon-pie, which, of course, are the old Southdown strain. They have lots of bone, well-sprung ribs, good necks and shoulders, and if there is anything to criticise it may be a slight deficiency in second thighs. They are a good working pack, very quick, with good nose and fine cry, and cast themselves well. They have dash, draw and hunt well together, and, in fact,

The Southdown Staff and the Master's House

The Master, Huntsman, Whips, and 2nd Horseman of the Southdown Hunt

Mr. V. P. Misa has been Master since 1908, H. Jones has been huntsman since 1909, and the whippers-in are B. Hawtin and W. Wood

Oldlands Hall, Uckfield, the Residence of Mr. V. P. Misa, Master of the Southdown Hunt

The Master's house is some ten miles distant from kennels, but Mr. Misa, who, by the way, is a well-known gentleman rider on the flat, is always out with hounds and is one of the most popular M.F.H.'s in the Kingdom. It will be heard with general regret that he is resigning the mastership and will not hunt the Southdown next season

are a most useful lot. Taking the pack generally, they are very workmanlike, particularly the bitches, and in my opinion this is a country more suited to small bitches than heavy dogs. I base my remarks on the fact that it is essentially a hilly country, which is very trying to heavy-built hounds.

Terriers (Left to right): Jack, Pierrot Floss, and Sting

The country extends from Uckfield in the north to the coast in the south, and from Rottingdean in the east to Old Shoreham in the west. It is a mixture of arable and grass, mostly the latter, which carries a good scent around Ringmer and the northern part. The fences are chiefly timber in the north, and in other parts every variety of jumps, including timber, double fences, banks, and water, are met with. The farmers all preserve foxes well, but bad times, unfortunately, keep many of them from coming out. The land-owners and covert-owners support the Hunt well, and are really interested in its welfare. The fields average small, many coming from Brighton and Lewes, while there is generally a large contingent of ladies out. I notice—in the Friday country especially—"hollering" is a little prevalent, and some followers and onlookers have yet to learn that making a noise certainly does not help sport. However, foxes are plentiful, and these are good wild ones that take a lot of catching. H. Jones, the huntsman, is first-rate in kennels and an excellent judge of hounds. In the field he is a good man over country, and patient with hounds, leaving them well alone. They come to him readily—a good sign always—and he is successful in catching his foxes. He is showing real good sport and rapidly learning the hill country, which is unique in its formation, and where foxes require handling quite differently.

H. Jones, the Southdown Huntsman

The Master, Mr. V. P. Misa, is the only son of the late Marquis de Misa, a Grandee of Spain. He was, however, born a British subject, his mother being English. He took over the command of the Southdown in 1908, and is now in his third season. Very keen on breeding and kennel management in all details, he is now working to eliminate the heavy dog-hounds, which are unsuitable to this hilly country, and to replace them by lighter ones. He has been extraordinary fortunate in being able to place at walk eighty-four couple of puppies, and this, I think, speaks strongly for his popularity with residents generally, especially considering that most of the puppy-walkers are non-hunting people. A good all-round sportsman, of charming personality, quiet in the field, and always well-mounted, he is just the Master for the Southdown. Though his residence, Oldlands, Uckfield, is in the Eridge territory, some ten miles distant from kennels, still he is always out with hounds, and always keen to catch foxes, while his manner towards his fields is ever the tactful and courteous one of a well-bred gentleman.

The Master's Daughter, Miss Misa

She attends all meets and rides admirably

Dotting the Meadows with Scarlet and White

Photograph *Sport and General*

ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY WITH THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUNDS AT BEACHY HEAD

Some excellent sport has been enjoyed in the Eastbourne country during the first season of the Duke of Devonshire in the Mastership. During his Grace's absence from the field, Mr. Roland Burke has been in command, and Mr. T. Kirby Stapley has hunted the hounds with much skill. There is a prosperous outlook for foxhunting around Eastbourne under present conditions

Nestling by the Eternal Snows

ENGELBERG, SWITZERLAND, A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM LONDON

Engelberg is delightfully situated at the foot of a charming valley running up from the Lake of Lucerne, and offers facilities for every form of winter sport. The ski-ing is exceptionally good, and there are ice and snow toboggan and bob-sleigh runs. The ice rinks, of which there are several, are as good as any in Switzerland, a fact which is recognised by several stars of the skating world. There is also excellent hockey, and inter-hotel matches are frequent. It may not be commonly known that one can leave London at 2.20 p.m., and be at Engelberg next day in time for lunch

Bystander Short Story

Phemie Gilchrist

By MARJORIE BOWEN
Author of "The Viper of Milan," etc.

A TRADITIONARY TALE OF THE COVENANTERS

[*NOTICE TO READERS.—This story, by the talented young author of "The Viper of Milan" and other historical novels, is on entirely different lines from the generality of* BYSTANDER *short stories, which have dealt almost entirely with modern life. In view, however, of the discussion now proceeding with our readers on the question of short stories in general, the moment is not inopportune to publish one of a different character.*—ED.]

PHEMIE GILCHRIST hastened as gentle-footed as a deer through the remote valley lying in a cleft of the great Lowther Hills, in Lanarkshire, which had always been her home.

It was August, and the lark was singing, while the summit of Lowther glowed bright in the full rays of mid-day, the bee clung to the frail hare-bells or buzzed among the heather, the patient flocks were placid on the emerald slopes, in the wide azure was no cloud, in the serene stillness no discord, but Phemie Gilchrist looked to right and left, now hastened her steps and now checked them, like a guilty creature; sometimes pressing her hand to her bosom and pausing, sometimes gazing fearfully over her shoulder as if the peaceful loveliness was full of terror.

Presently the valley broadened, and was traversed by a fair stream of running water; Phemie followed it a little way, then crossed on the wide, white stepping-stones, carefully, for she carried, half concealed in her dark blue and green plaid, a basket covered with fine calendered linen.

A few steps farther brought her to a ruined, roofless church, and a small graveyard sloping to the very edge of the rivulet; a low stone wall surrounded it. The gate had long gone; through the bramble-choked aperture where it had once been Phemie entered, and stood, hesitating and cautious, among the graves.

It was a sweet scene, if desolate. Here grew the rowan, and here drooped the ash, honeysuckle climbed about the defaced stones and shed fragrance on the mountain air; on the broken wall sprouted wallflowers, paddow-pipe long grass, snapdragon, and the wild eglantine, blossomless now, but glossy green.

In the roofless church the linnet and the thrush had built their nests, and there the owl lurked by day; the branches of the ash brushed the empty window-frames with a melancholy movement, and cast their dark shadows over the leaning headstones half-hidden in the lush, flowering grass.

Behind were the great mountains and the greater sky, and all about loneliness save for the presence of the flocks, and silence save for the murmur of the bees and the gurgle of the stream.

Phemie Gilchrist set her basket on a moss-covered tombstone, and clapped her hands together, timidly; twice, like a signal.

"Elphin!" she cried, in a voice that swelled and echoed in the pass. "Elphin!"

There was a rustle in the grass, a parting of the ash boughs, and a tall, pale young man, wrapped in a torn plaid, came from the interior of the church.

With a cry of pleasure she ran to him, kissed him with a generous warmth, and clasped his thin hands to her bosom.

"Art thou come back to Lowther, Elphin Gilchrist, an outlaw with a price upon thy head!" she cried; "and must I minister to thee in secret who would so joyfully receive thee with honour!"

He pressed her to his heart, and cast a wild eye round the solitude.

"So it is, Phemie," he answered; "for twelve days I have hid in the heather with the curlew for company, lain with the reeds above my head and the paddow-pipe brushing my cheek, cold with the dews of night, and sick with the fever of the moor morass, armed men behind me—and no place of refuge, no hope save in thy heart, my kind sister!"

"Elphin! Elphin! this is a sad home-coming—in this ruin where the hoodie crow gathers and the fox lurks and the eagle shrieks above," she looked round at the graves. "Yestereve I found my window broken and thy message tied to a stone—no sooner could I come without rousing wonder—oh, Elphin! what must we do?"

Elphin Gilchrist sank on to a high, square, sunken tomb and, removing his bonnet, pressed his hand to his forehead with an air of exhaustion. Phemie hastened to fetch her basket, and on the ancient sepulchre spread the fugitive's meal that she had carried so far up the valley.

"It was a shepherd who threw that stone, Phemie; an honest man, who fed me—one of the pious remnant—he told me of a number of Whigs hidden in Clydesdale—I know the place, but I can never reach it without a horse——"

She marked the effort with which he spoke, and tenderly pressed him to eat; as she poured his wine and cut his bread, her hood fell back and revealed the rich locks confined in the maiden's silken snood; the soft features, flushed with the rosy hue of youth; the innocent blue eyes that made Phemie Gilchrist among the fairest maids in Lanarkshire; in the worn countenance of the young man, to which the wine brought a returning glow of health, might be traced the likeness to her sweet face that showed them to be of one family.

She sat at his feet in the high grass, and watched him eat and drink.

"Elphin," she said, "why did you not come home? You were ever the darling of our mother's heart, and our father would never have refused you shelter."

He set down his horn cup, and his cheek darkened

(All rights strictly reserved)

and his eye flashed with the ardour of the enthusiast.

"Is not our father a faint-hearted believer? One who always shirked his duty, never put his shoulder to the wheel of the Covenant, one who forsook God's Kirk in the hour of distress, and entered the safe ranks of Episcopacy?"

The tears gathered in her eyes.

"Still, you are his son."

"I am a lowly forwarder of the great cause," answered the young man with increasing firmness, "and as such will be indebted to no oppressor, no upholder of the false kirk and the false King, even if he be my father. Did I not go forth into the desert, forsaking my birthright to dwell among the outcast, sooner than live with them that believe not?"

Phemie Gilchrist drooped her head until her ringlets touched the swaying grass.

"Besides," continued her brother in a milder tone, "I would not endanger my mother and you. There is severe punishment for those who shelter the proscribed—God grant that no harm may come to you, Phemie, for this charity."

She lifted her blue orbs with the drops of love and pity in them, and gazed into his face.

"Tell me what I can do, my Elphin, the pleasure of service outweighs the dread of punishment."

He lightly touched her blowing hair and tender cheek.

"I would that you," he said gently, "could be confirmed and made steadfast in the truth."

The maiden blenched.

"Oh, Elphin! I do fear God and worship, and each night I pray for the safety of the true kirk, but to leave home and go forth an outcast as thou hast done! I have not the courage, Elphin, and it would break our mother's heart."

"Dear lass," he answered, "thou art a good angel wherever thy feet be set, nor is it for weak women to defend the Covenant, but for us, the men."

"Tell me," she repeated, "what I must do."

"If you could bring a stout horse here at sundown with a little bread and water at his saddle, I would ask no more of you, my Phemie; under cover of the dark I could ride out of the western outlet of the glen, and make my way to join the brethren in Clydeshire, who are strong now."

"Is there no danger for you in this?" she asked fearfully. "Are you not safer in hiding?"

Elphin Gilchrist smiled sadly.

"There are spies everywhere; even now it may be known that I am concealed here, the troopers are in pursuit, and if I am caught there is nothing for Elphin Gilchrist but the torture and the hempen rope in the Grassmarket."

"I can bring the horse," she answered eagerly, "—and without remark, my own Highland mare, a good beast—but how comes it, Elphin, that after near a year of security you are suddenly in this pass?"

His eye glanced fire and his dark cheek flushed.

"I was preaching the word of the Lord to my fellow Christians, on our native rocks beneath our native sky, when the armed men rode down among us, fresh from the slaughter of Pentland they were, and they hacked and hewed among the fearless, helpless supporters of the true kirk like devils at their work!"

As he spoke, Elphin Gilchrist rose from his sombre seat, and clenched his hand to his bosom.

"The bloody Bonshaw's men, false, black, and cruel—I was unarmed, but I took a claymore from one of the yet warm dead—an officer levelled his carbine at one of my wounded flock, and *him* I struck down."

"Alas!" said Phemie, and the tears over-brimmed her eyes.

"When they saw the gentleman cavalier fall they rushed at me, but I snatched up his pistol and fled. You know how I can run, Phemie? The fleetest foot in Lanarkshire they used to say . . . . . I distanced them and took to paths they knew not of——" he paused, then added sternly, "I am glad I struck down the oppressor, even though I shall scarcely escape the vengeance of the wrong-doers——"

Phemie Gilchrist laid her pale face against the slanting edge of the tomb, stray rays of sun parted the ash bought and touched to glinting gold her locks.

"Was he killed?" she asked.

Her brother looked at her swiftly.

"Why, thy cheek hath changed colour, Phemie!" he raised her, and added, "the cavalier was not slain, my lass."

She shuddered in his arms.

"Think me not weak and foolish, my Elphin; but the times are bloody and wild; even with the blue heaven overhead and the sweet lark in it, singing, I feel my heart beat to a death march, and my warm blood run chill in my veins! Oh, dreadful are the days and dismal the nights that lower now over our dear land, and too terrible these terrors for the heart of poor Phemie Gilchrist to bear!"

Whereat she wept piteously, hiding her face on his plaid, and he made attempt to comfort; after a while she put him from her and smiled wildly.

"Listen to me, Elphin Gilchrist; when you spoke just now of shedding the blood of a cavalier gentleman I was full of fear and bitterness—for 'tis to such an one that I have given my heart!"

He stepped back against the ash tree and surveyed her sternly.

"To a man such as he—a heathenish recusant!"

She clasped her hands, pleadingly.

"'Tis an English dragoon, Elphin, who was quartered with Maxwell the laird. Oh, but he is gentle and hateth this bloody work, and for my sake will leave it when we are man and wife——"

"Is he one of Bonshaw's men?"

"No—he hath his own company; forgive me, Elphin——"

"He is one of the persecutors! My sister hath plighted her troth to such an one!"

The young Covenanter looked grim and dark.

"Forgive me, Elphin," she repeated.

"Forgive you! Is it for me, a proscribed fugitive, who oweth life to you to judge; yet sore am I grieved that Phemie Gilchrist should have plighted her maiden vows to a tyrant Episcopalian."

She raised her eyes and hands in pleading, and with a gentle strength in her voice answered:

"By this ground, still consecrate and holy, by yon high hills that first dawned upon our awed and infant gaze, he whom I love is no evil man!"

Her brother's stern features relaxed; he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Difficult would it be to believe that anything evil could win thy heart, Phemie!"

(Continued on page 88)

"Kaelred—Triumph"

AS GOOD AS ALL THAT IN "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT"

Photograph] MISS KATHARINE KAELRED [*Moffett Studio*

Who has scored a striking success as Mrs. Engaine in Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," at the Nazimova Theatre, New York. The play is extremely hard on English Society morals, and the New York Four Hundred are consequently patting themselves on the back. Mr. Jones cabled to England after the production, "Kaelred—triumph"

(Continued from page 86)

She pressed his hand in silent gratitude.

"An Englishman?" asked the Covenanter.

"Yes, Elphin."

"What is his name, that if we chance to meet I may know him?"

"God grant," she said, "that you may never meet! His name is Frank Hawkins."

Her brother sighed.

"It is like enough we might meet, when I am one of the hunted and he is one of the hunters!"

"Oh, say not so, my Elphin, speak words of good omen—and he doth not now persecute the followers of the Covenant. Many days ago he rode, with his men, to Edinburgh, there to hold converse with the Mackenzie for gentle means to end these troubles."

Elphin Gilchrist put her from him; his brow lowered and his lip paled.

"Bloody Mackenzie is a bonnie friend for my sister's lover. How shall I, when I exhort the staunch and faithful to patience, endurance, and steadfast courage, how shall I link curses to the names of the oppressors among whom my own sister hath found a mate?"

She smiled through a mist of tears and clung to him.

"These times will pass, my beloved, the good days are coming, be assured, when all will live together in comfort and holiness; when the true Kirk will be free and the bigot discomfited! Never think that Frank Hawkins doth not long for those days even as thou—but he must obey his King as thou thy God, even though the service be distasteful."

The young minister shook his head.

"These arguments are the vain toys of affection, Phemie; but I who know you good and leal and innocent, I who owe everything to your charity will not utter one word of blame. Nay, if Frank Hawkins should ever cross my path, I would hold his person sacred for thy sake."

"God bless you, dear! Oh, we shall be happy yet! Now I must go——"

"Can you not stay a little? This is a sweet though melancholy spot. Hark how the stream maketh music, and see how the ash bough waveth in unison. Would not this be a pretty place to die, with the faeries, the hoodie crow, and the owl for mourners?"

"Elphin! I must go—it is a long way up the glen, and I have to saddle the mare and pack the basket——"

"Ay," he said, reluctantly; "but it would be sweet if we could sit as we used to, telling tales of Sir James of the Rose and how he fought a dozen men!"

They had paced the length of the graveyard and come out on to the lonely glenside, and there they embraced and parted on her solemn vow to return before sundown with the horse for his escape.

With yearning eyes the fugitive watched the gentle figure pass down the slope and over the stream, turning now and then to flutter a white kerchief, watched her until her dark plaid was lost amid the heather patches and the shadows of the great mountains had closed over the waved signal.

He sat awhile on the low wall listening to those sweet inner sounds that are only heard in perfect solitude; the drone of the insect, the tap of the blossom against the stone, the murmur of a little breeze in the boughs, the rustle of the bending grass.

Far away on the hills was the remote tinkle of a sheep-bell, intermittent and plaintive, and near, the dry rustle of the harebell growing on a fragile stem out of the broken wall.

The fish plashed in the stream, the eagle circled over the distant mountains, a speck in the clear blue, the lizard ran out over the warm stone, the lark sang above the ruined church, and still Elphin Gilchrist sat motionless among the ancient graves.

Then, as shadows lengthened from yew and ash, and sunken tombstone, he rose and packed up the basket ready for Phemie to take back, brushed his bonnet, and put on the shoes he had removed to ease his swollen feet, then took a small Bible from his pocket, and under the shade of the holy ruins read how faith saved Daniel, even from the maw of the lion.

As he closed the book he recalled, as by an inspiration of the Lord, that he was not wholly unarmed.

The pistol of the oppressor was still in his possession; he entered the church and picked it up from the clump of wallflowers where he had flung it when he had first dropped exhausted in the shelter of the solemn walls.

It was a fine weapon, mounted in silver and still loaded, for Elphin Gilchrist had no occasion to use it; he handled it now cautiously, but with a grim satisfaction, and recalled without pity the fair-haired prone figure from whose slack hand he had snatched the weapon.

An owl stirred in one of the dark arches of the church as if making ready to fly abroad now that the sun had set behind the mountains, the laverock fell to his evening song, and the purple shades of evening crept up the glen, as the young minister came again to the graveyard wall to watch for his sister coming up the pass.

He made to unfasten his plaid to fix the pistol again in his belt, and as he laid the weapon on the wall his eye was caught by some carving on the butt.

He caught it up and gazed.

Finely engraved between two mailed fists was a name.

"Frank Hawkins."

The Covenanter stared at it with eyes glaring with horror; he rubbed it with the edge of his plaid, hoping it was some devil's trick; he turned it about, looked away and looked again, but there the name still showed unmistakable—"Frank Hawkins"—his sister's lover.

He cast the thing from him at length, and breathed an agonised prayer.

"Oh, Lord! what sin hath thy servant committed that this judgment should befall him!"

He recalled all the tenderest scenes of his childhood; how he and Phemie had pulled the gowans and the wild stunted plum and the wandering rose from beside the shelves of the pools and streams of the Lowther wards; how they had sat hand in hand on some low knoll and listened to the tinkle of the bell wether, even as he listened now; he thought of how Phemie was coming joyous on her stout mare, flushed with gladness at the thought of saving him, and then before his mental vision arose a picture of a cavalier with locks southern soft and southern brown, dabbled with blood, and Elphin Gilchrist groaned aloud.

Since he had left his father's roof he had lived at a venture and a hazard and never known fear; but he was afraid now to look into the sweet face of Phemie Gilchrist.

Distracted he recalled her fair figure walking among

(Continued on page x)

Winter Sport: As Seen by H. M. Bateman

The antics and facial expressions of both expert and tyro seem to afford equal inspiration to our audacious travelling artist. It only seems necessary for the world to take a thing solemnly for Mr. Bateman at once to take it contrariwise

GOLF

The Professionals in 1910

The past year witnessed no reversal of form or sudden discovery of fresh talent in the professional ranks. It was a particularly important year, for it marked the jubilee of the Open Championship, and for this reason a special medal was struck, in addition to the usual trophy of success. There was, therefore, every incentive to spur on the ambitious, while, by good fortune, the scene of action was the course of the Alma Mater. As a matter of historic justice Prestwick, which originated the contest, should, perhaps, have witnessed the jubilee struggle on its famous course, but the eternal fitness of things decreed that St. Andrews should reap where Prestwick had sowed. Once more the great Braid rose to the occasion, and after an exciting struggle in the first three rounds with Duncan and Herd proved his supremacy in a crisis, and won the coveted prize for the fifth time. Records went by the board, too, for Duncan and Willie Smith each returned a 71, thus proving that even the old course is no longer impregnable to the assault of the record-breaker. With such an enormous entry of the best players in the world the ultimate score depends much more on the weather than the intrinsic difficulty of the course. At least, so it seems to me.

Players Crossing the Stream which Runs through the Course

THE NEW GOLF COURSE AT MENTONE

Driving off from one of the Tees by the side of the Stream (Did she do it all right in that hat?)

Some Records Recalled

As at Prestwick in 1908, when Braid won with a 291, so at St. Andrews this last year the weather was ideal for scoring. That being so, it is no matter for wonder that Braid succeeded in getting just one stroke below the 300, and no less than nineteen strokes below his winning score at St. Andrews in 1905, which in its turn was nine strokes worse than Taylor's winning score there in 1900, and that with the old ball. But I remember that in 1905 the weather conditions, more particularly in the matter of wind, were very trying. Still, an improvement of almost five strokes per round marks a considerable advance, and shows that the professional standard is still on the up grade. We must remember, too, in comparing Taylor's 309 with Braid's 318 and his 299, that since the advent of the new ball the old course has been tremendously stretched. It would be interesting, if such a thing were possible, to get a few of the leading professionals to practice for a month on the old course with really good "gutty" balls, and then make them play four rounds just to see whether they would touch Taylor's old score and find out what difference in strokes the lengthening has made. However, these are idle fancies, and possibly to our surprise we should find the difference much less than we anticipated.

Herd and Duncan

Herd again asserted himself, and showed that he is a force very much to be reckoned with. Curiously enough, in looking through some old volumes of *Golf Illustrated* I came across an animated correspondene entitled "The Decline of Herd." Well, the only decline about "Sandy" is the fact that he has steadily declined to decline. He struck me as playing with just as much dash and brilliance as ever. He has always got to be watched by any critic inclined for the dangerous game of prophecy. Duncan at one period seemed to be coming into his own. Then at the critical moment the old unhappy mantle of Herd descended upon him, and the round that succeeded his marvellous 71 of the morning was enough to make angels weep and his supporters bury themselves in one of the many new bunkers that bedeck the old course. But he is a most interesting player to watch. He is, like the little girl of the rhyme who "when she was good was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid."

ERNEST LEHMANN

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY

There is quality

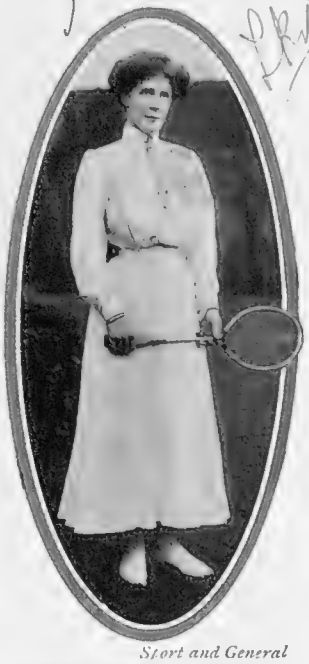
IN

"BLACK & WHITE"

BADMINTON

Its Advantages

There is nothing harder to prophecy about than the future of Badminton. That it seems, at present, to fill a gap that no other game can fill quite adequately, and that it is, to that extent, firmly established is true enough. But I very much doubt whether, if it could be tried solely on its merits as a game, and apart from all other considerations, it would be able to compete with other indoor winter games which involve physical exercise. Its strength lies in the fact that, in order to play it, all that is necessary is—as an Irishman might say — a fairly open space under cover. A badminton court has not to be specially made like a tennis or racket court, or a bowling or skittle alley. Drill halls, village halls, halls of almost every description except music halls, can readily be adapted to the game, and it can be played in reasonable comfort by artificial light. Hence it is a comparatively cheap game and one that just suits the man whose business ties him up until the daylight is spent.



Photographs *Stort and General*

THE MIDDLESEX BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS AT EALING

Miss Radeglia
Winner of the Ladies' Singles; also, like many other Badminton players, a lawn tennis expert

Miss Larminie
Runner-up to Miss Radeglia; also the writer of several of the BYSTANDER short stories

The Charmed Circle

For the past two or three years the *personnel* of the leading players has undergone but little change. There are a chosen few between whom "there is not much in it"; but they seldom get beaten except by one another, and the supply of rising talent has hardly been sufficient to fill the places of those who, for various reasons, have given up the game or ceased to play it as regularly as before. The effect of all this is that the principal tournaments, so far as their championship events are concerned—and, just as in lawn tennis, every self-respecting tournament runs the championships of somewhere — suffer somewhat from "damnable iteration." At the Middlesex Championships at Ealing last week it was pretty certain that in the absence of Miss M. Lucas and F. Chesterton, Miss Radeglia and G. A. Thomas would be the Singles winners. And they were.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

"Vive la France"

"'Eep 'eep, 'Ooray!" France has won her first International, and, curiously enough, Scotland the last country to take her on — France *v.* Scotland was only instituted last year—has been her first victim. It is true that the Scottish fifteen were only beaten by a solitary point, and that, as the phrase goes, they "ought to have won;" but they didn't, and—*que voulez-vous que je vous dise?*—there's an end of it. The French Rugger players from the very first have always shown pace and resourcefulness in attack, and most of their scoring against Scotland was the result of clever strategy combined with fast sprinting. But they have now learnt defence as well. For the last fifteen minutes of the game they were on the defensive all the time, and they kept the other side out. Their success will do them a lot of good, and their forthcoming encounters with England, Wales, and Ireland will be followed with keen interest in the footer world.

France's First Win in International Rugby Football: Scotland Following up a Kick

On the ground of the Racing Club de Paris, at Colombes, on January 2, France beat Scotland by 2 placed goals and two tries (16 points) to 2 goals (one dropped) and 2 tries (15 points)

The Body-Building POWER of BOVRIL has been proved

by independent scientific investigation to be from

10 to 20 times the amount taken.

It is unnecessary to repeat here the details of these experiments, which have already been fully reported in the Daily Press; it is sufficient to say that they were carried out independently of Bovril Ltd., under stringent physiological conditions.

But the conclusions, based as they are upon unimpeachable authority, are of immense importance to the public. They show that Bovril is a food which possesses remarkable powers, a food capable not merely of building up the ailing and fortifying them against disease, but of affording a direct gain of vigour to the man, woman or child in average health.

In addition, by impressing a hall mark of scientific approval, the results of these physiological experiments distinguish Bovril as a genuine body-builder and contrast it sharply with a crowd of would-be imitators, containing yeast extracts and other cheapening admixtures.

Weigh these facts with the attention which their high authority demands. You may be involved by hidden menaces to health; the better you maintain the defensive forces of your body the less will be the risk of contracting colds, chills, or influenza.

Bovril Ltd

S.H.B.

Full particulars of the above mentioned experiments will be sent to any medical man on application to Bovril, Ltd., Old St., London, E.C.

By Field, Stream and Covert

Photograph *Sport and General*

With the Duke of Devonshire's Pack at Beachy Head: Following Hounds Across the Downs

Good Quorn Sport

On New Year's Eve I happened to find myself in Town with a party of keen followers of hounds who hailed from different parts of the kingdom. Almost inevitably the conversation before long turned upon the sport of the season. Notes were compared, and I was chiefly impressed by the fact that in nearly every case considerable satisfaction was expressed. There was a good rider from Leicestershire, who spoke exceedingly well of the doings of the Quorn. "We have had great fun," he said, "and Leaf has done really fine work." From his remarks I gathered that the Quorn can hold their own with any pack in the Midland district this season, and it is good to know that these hounds are living up to their best traditions under the leadership of Captain Frank Forester, for there is no man who tries harder to give his followers a good time.

Doings of Various Packs

The Pytchley have not done quite so well as usual, but, then, it must be remembered that they were without the services of their brilliant huntsman, Freeman, for the greater part of December. On the other hand, the Grafton have had a tip-top season, and Mr. Charles McNeill's reputation as huntsman never stood higher than it does to-day. In our company there chanced to be a hardy foxhunter from Northumberland, and he was very enthusiastic in regard to the sport which the Tynedale Hounds have been showing. He was fresh from what he described as a wonderful run with that splendid pack. It seems that they had made a point of thirteen miles, and ran at least seven more. They hunted with only one or two slight checks over a fine grass country, and ultimately pulled their fox down in glorious style. Bravo, Mr. Straker and George Walters—this will want some beating.

Some Brilliant Horsewomen

In writing on ladies in the hunting field in a recent issue of The Bystander, I said that women, as a rule, do not ride their own line. Of course, I was speaking then in a general sense. There are plenty o instances, especially in the Midlands, where ladies not only dispense with the services of a pilot, but make their horses go to the front as well as any Nimrod could. With the Quorn, for example, Mrs. Guy Fenwick has a splendid eye to hounds, and nearly always knows what they are doing. A charming memory, too, is Miss Donisthorpe's brilliant riding with the Quorn a few seasons ago. Lady Milbanke also rides her own line in tip-top style, not only in the Midlands, but in Ireland when she hunts there. Several other ladies generally see most of the sport with the Quorn. Then with the neighbouring pack, the Cottesmore, it is always a treat to see Miss Margery Duncan go at the top of the hunt, for she gets over the country delightfully. With the Pytchley two of the finest horsewomen seen in recent years have been Mrs. Cartwright and Miss Naylor.

Lady Dalmeny

Like all the Grosvenors, a lover of outdoor life and a keen sportswoman. She rides well, and her husband has no superior to hounds

The Last of the Shoots

With the New Year now with us the guns will, for the most part, be laid aside until next August. All the big covert shoots are over with one exception—that at Eaton Hall. The reason for the delay in this case is, of course, the absence abroad of the Duke of Westminster. He is expected home within a few days, and a merry party at Eaton will receive him. The coverts are then to be shot through, and big bags will give an appropriate ending to a fair season. For I think the season can be described as fair, notwithstanding the utter failure of the partridges. Grouse gave little to complain of on most of the moors, and there was never any question of the supply of "long-tails" on those estates where owners were willing to spend money and keepers able to use it to advantage. An experienced and very expert shot declared the other day that pheasants nowadays do not fly so well as they used to do, even ten years ago, owing probably to successive generations of hand-reared birds becoming tamer. How true is this? It would be interesting to know what other sportsmen have to say on this point.

A. W. C.

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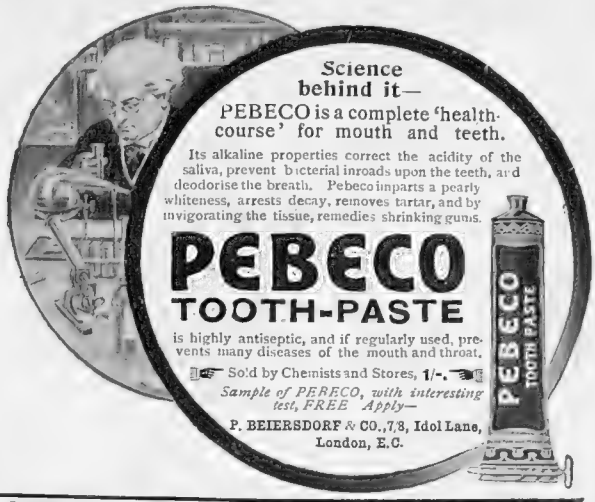

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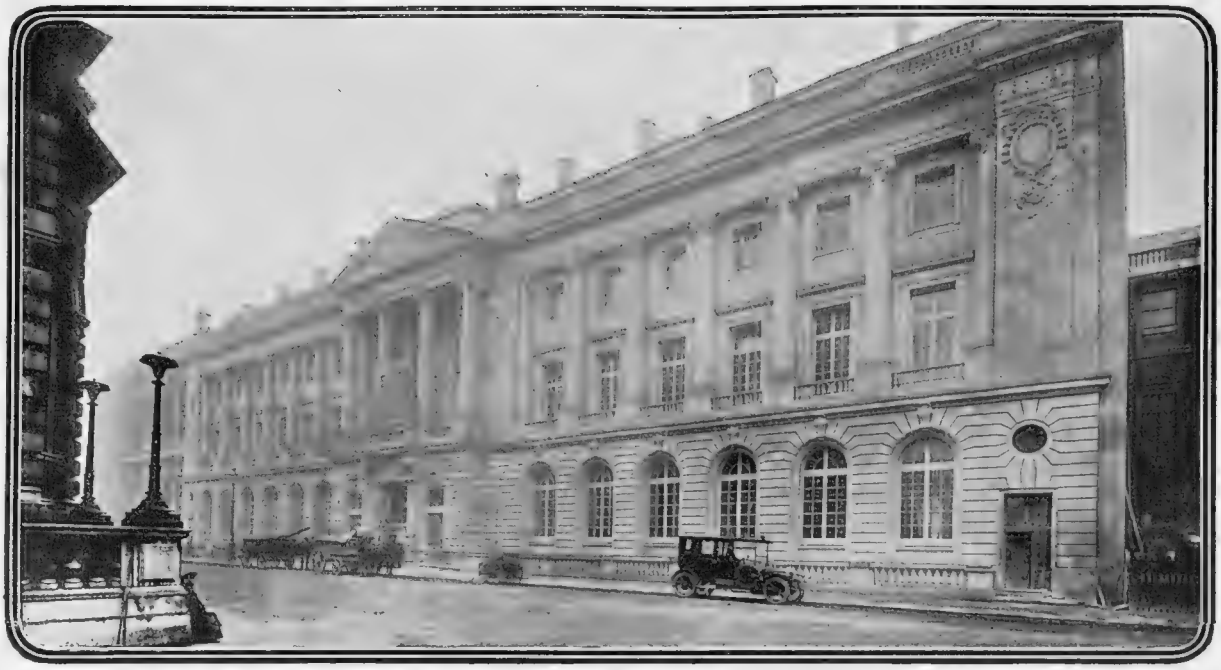
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY



The New Royal Automobile Club Premises

The House of Commons has the reputation of being the best club in Europe. It is in serious danger of losing it. The new Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall is acclaimed the most luxurious and splendidly fitted of all clubs

The Toll of 1910

It is time to leave the air and get back to the land. And we can make the change without regret. 1910 has taken a terrible toll from the ranks of our best men. Indeed, hardly have they won their way to eminence before the sweep of the Reaper's scythe has caught them. I remember one of the best-known writers upon aviation remarking after a motor-car smash at Brooklands early in the year that earth motoring was far too dangerous and that he preferred a safe game like aeronautics. He will find himself joking upon that matter with difficulty to-day. At the rate of catastrophe maintained during the last few days of the old year we should soon be without a flyer of distinction in the world. It means sturdier construction, for most of the deaths have resulted from the collapse of planes. Mr. George's biplane frame of steel tubing is one possible way. It means the speedy development of real automatic stability, because nearly all the rest of the accidents are traceable to its lack. Lieut. Dunn is showing us a way here. And it means a compass that not even the engine vibration of an aeroplane will materially disturb, for it must have been due to weakness there that Grace went to his death, as it sent Sopwith from his course. Let us leave the air for a spell, then. At any rate, 1910 has claimed its last life. 1911 may have happier results to show. But let us first congratulate Sopwith upon his De Forest prize victory—a great achievement indeed; condole with Ogilvie, who beat Sopwith and Cody in the British Michelin contest on a new power plant of high potentiality, only to lose to Cody once more. But heartiest of all let our applause go to Cody, who, upon a machine of his own design and construction, and in the face of flouts and gibes and sneers, some overt and some covert, went his ways with faith and perseverance, and while, as he frankly says, flying to keep a wife and family, came to victory in the end.

Back to the Land

In the domain of the road vehicle the most interesting matter just now is the Isle of Man race, which has at last been definitely decided upon. Not that the R.A.C. has amended its own refusal to undertake the organisation of the event. Rather it persists; and has much of the trade at its back in that. But the Manx Club has accepted the responsibility, and the race will be held in conjunction with the Douglas Jubilee Celebration Fêtes, the R.A.C. having given permission and promised to make its contribution to the gaiety of the occasion, a motor gymkhana. So *that* idea is safely delivered to the great satisfaction of quite a body of motorists, in addition, of course, to a great army who never can be motorists, but who regard a road event in the Isle of Man during their holiday season as so much extra value for money spent on a trip to this Mecca of all trippers. We can now sit still and await the response of the trade. I fancy it will be sufficiently gratifying, because, as I have mentioned at other times, there are a considerable number of cars which have still to win a well-defined position on the sales list of the British market, and a race is, if nothing else, most certainly a fine bit of publicity work. I confess I have moderate views concerning any other good likely to come out of it; but, then, the sporting appeal and the advertisement uses of such a contest, are quite sufficient a justification. The rough outline of the conditions tentatively submitted make it a medium to small-powered car events, while the restriction on the stroke should healthily limit the tendency (always apparent

(*Continued on page* 100)

An important offer to every Motorist

A saving of from £5 to £13 per annum in Insurance Premium to every user of Pirelli Tyres

A Great Claim—and our inducement to every Motorist to Test it.

We are confident that a trial is all that is necessary to be convinced that Pirelli Tyres are what we claim them to be—"THE WORLD'S BEST." As an extra inducement to motorists to give this trial we have decided to offer with all our tyres (except for Taxi-Cabs) supplied during the year 1911 a free Motor-Car Insurance Policy. Every Private and Professional Motor-Car Owner using only "PIRELLI" TYRES—The World's Best—will be insured up to the full market value of the Motor-Car by the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited (established 1862), against

1.—**Accidental damage to the Car.**
2.—**Accidental damage to any Tyre, Lamp or Accessory upon such Motor-Car provided the car is also damaged in the same accident.**
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5.—**The cost of carriage to or from Repairers.**

Always provided that the car was fitted with four "Pirelli" tyres at the time of the accident. The Policy will not be limited to the United Kingdom, but will extend to nearly the whole of the Continent of Europe for Two Months' Tour. In this event, however, the Assured bears the first £10 of loss.

REPAIRS will be executed up to £5 without reference to the Association provided an estimate is first obtained. The Policy will be in force for one year from:—
(*a*) The day following the posting to the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Ltd., 66 and 67, Cornhill, London, E.C., of the slip attached to each tyre, or (*b*) The date of expiry of existing policy, which may be current at the time of the completion of the purchase of four new tyres. The insurance will be extended for a period of 12 months from the date of each subsequent purchase of four tyres either together or separately. The saving in insurance premium to the user of "Pirelli" tyres would be from £5 to £13 per annum.

We Give this Insurance FREE.

Further, in order that our customers may have a complete Indemnity at the least possible cost, we have arranged with the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited, to additionally cover

1.—**Claims by the Public without limit;**
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at the following low rates of premiums:—

8 h.p.	12 h.p.	16 h.p.	20 h.p.	25 h.p.	30 h.p.	40 h.p.	60 h.p.
£5 6s.	£7 6s.	£8	£8 15s.	£9 7s. 6d.	£10 15s.	£11 15s.	£17

Customary rebates of 15 to 25 per cent. also allowed from these premiums.

To users of our tyres, this represents our Customers' total outlay per year for a Complete Insurance. This additional portion of the policy runs for twelve months from date of issue independent of the life or make of the tyres. Pirelli Tyres will be sold at the usual prices, and the quality is and always will remain the same—the world's best.

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MR. STENSON COOKE: SECRETARY OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION AND MOTOR UNION

Mr. Cooke has been so closely identified with the work of that most energetic and (to many) most useful motoring body, the A.A., that his achievements in connection with his one other hobby, fencing, are not often in the public eye. That he is no mean fencer, the particulars on page 100 sufficiently demonstrate

BY W. HOWARD ROBINSON

3,000 MILES

ON A

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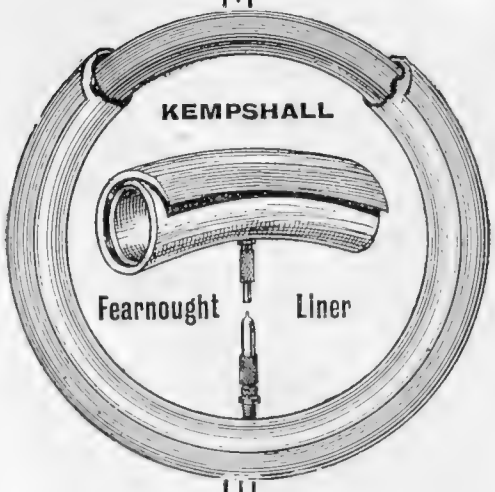
FEARNOUGHT LINER.



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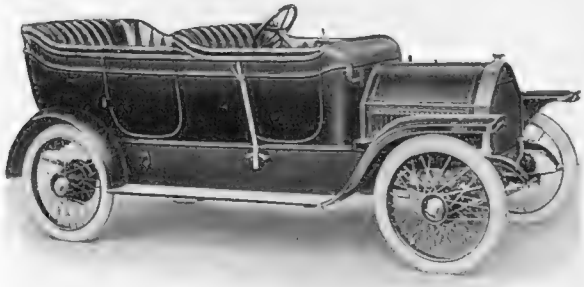

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(*Continued from page 96*)

where stroke is not circumscribed) to the perpetration of monstrosities. With a maximum bore of 80mm. and a stroke limited to 130mm. stock chassis have a good working chance of decent showing, particularly over a 300-mile road course. At any rate, the Manx Club has demonstrated that it is possessed of what on the other side is known, I believe, as "sand," and I hope it will have its fitting reward.

In Compression

Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, appears in an unfamiliar rôle on page 98. Outside of his work Mr. Cooke has one hobby only—fencing, and he was given his first lessons by the late Captain Alfred Hutton ("Cold Steel") in the early 'nineties. He won the Open Competition of the German Gymnastic Society in 1895-6-7, and the Orion Gymnastic Society Competition in 1896. As a Volunteer officer—London Rifle Brigade—Mr. Cooke won first prize and Officers' Challenge Cup (sabre *v.* sabre), Royal Military Tournament, 1897 (Diamond Jubilee year), and first prize and Challenge Cup (foil *v.* foil), Royal Military Tournament, 1902 (Coronation year). In the intervening years he won two seconds and four thirds, all at the Military Tournament, and two firsts at the Yeomanry and Volunteer Tournament at the Crystal Palace, 1898. All these with the foil or sabre. He is also an exponent of ancient sword-play, and was one of the English team under Captain Hutton at Brussels in 1894. Mr. Cooke was in the final pool of the Amateur Fencing Championship last year, and is an earnest pupil of M. Mimiague, Maître d'Armes of the Sword Club, of which he is himself a member.

The Latest Lanchester

A particularly fine expression of the high engineering reputation which Lanchester's work has won in automobilism

Here, indeed, is enterprise. Pirelli Tyre Company, in addition to offering some of the very best value for tyre expenditure that the markets of the world possess, is now out to extend its appeal by giving to all purchasers the benefits of an accident insurance up to the full value of the car. Free! The insurance covers accidental damage to car or accessory on road, or rail, or water, wilful and malicious damage up to £100 in excess of the first £5, and the cost of carriage to and from the repairers—always provided, of course, that the car is fitted with Pirelli tyres. In addition there are specially low premiums for claims without limit, fire, explosion, and theft. It is an extraordinary offer, and, frankly, I do not know how it is to be done. But that need not trouble us. Here is the offer—made to popularise a tyre which I can commend without hesitation apart from the insurance altogether. How to save the power and petrol taxes has at least one answer here. Pirelli, 45, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., is the address.

Messrs. H. M. Hobson, who handle the famous Delahaye car, have opened new premises at 16, Pall Mall. The site is good, and the atmosphere in keeping with a car of quality.

RACING: Spring Handicaps. By CARBINE

Glance at the Entries

Like the old hunter who becomes instantly alert when he hears the cry of hounds in the distance, the racegoer finds his interest immediately kindled when the entries for the spring handicaps appear. It will be more interesting still when we get the weights and acceptances, but for the time being it is entertaining to glance through the nominations and speculate on the possibilities of the various races. Truth to tell, I am rather disappointed by the entries in some cases. The Kempton Jubilee, for instance, seems to have received miserably poor support. I cannot understand why this great handicap should secure fewer entries than the much less important Kempton Queen's Prize, which is only a third of the value of the older race. Perhaps the Jubilee will pan out all right eventually, but it strikes me now as lacking in "class" as well as numbers.

Lincoln Prospects

Numerically, the first big handicap of the coming season is all that could be desired, but it is curious to note that not a single three-year-old has been entered. Both Clarence and Wolf's Crag showed that it was possible for a three-year-old to win the Lincoln, and many think that Sceptre at the same age ought certainly to have scored. Mention of that lovely mare reminds me that her one-time owner, Mr. "Bob" Sievier, has entered his recent purchase, Helot, for the race on March 21. He gave 2,000 gns. for him, which appears full value, but the colt may do better in a southern stable than he did in the far north. He is one whose weight I await with special interest. The Messrs. Joel appear conspicuously in the entries, "J. B." having engaged three, including Spanish Prince and The Story, and "S. B." four, including the flying Sunder, so between them they have a pretty hot lot. Two or three useful French horses are entered to recall the memorable dual victory of Ob.

The Coronation Cup

The Cup races at Epsom and Ascot promise well. How opportune if the Meadow Chat colt could win the Coronation Cup for King George on June 1. I am afraid, however, that the Sandringham youngster is hardly likely to beat St. Nat or St. Anton, both of his own age. Of the older horses entered for this interesting Epsom race the meeting of Swynford, Lemberg, Bronzino, and Greenback over the Derby course would be tremendously exciting, while other brilliant performers like Sir Martin and Bachelor's Double will add to the interest of the affair. Turning to the racing of the present week, I consider **The Duffrey** is likely to win the Suffolk Steeplechase at Windsor on Wednesday, and for the Castle Steeplechase on the following day I fancy **Belus**, who is in capital form just now. **Okoro** may win the Surbiton Steeplechase at Hurst Park on Friday, and **Rory O'Moore** the Open Steeplechase on Saturday.

CONCERNING FINE RAIMENT

WHAT great writer was it who said, "When I feel depressed and dull, when I feel out of sorts with myself and the world in general, when I feel that existence has no charm for me, then I go straight home and put on my best clothes. I can then face the world with courage, for to my soul the consciousness of being well dressed imparts a bliss which no other outside agency can give me?"

THE HYDE SHEEP FARM, NEAR STROUD

So there is something in the possession of good clothes after all. But it should not be forgotten that the foundation of fine raiment is fine cloth, and this, to the lasting credit of an old English craft, be it said, is exclusively made in Great Britain.

"Hydea" Tweeds are the finest "West of England." They will "wear like iron," and always give you satisfaction. They have a distinguished appearance, and the quality is so superb that they will give you twice as much wear as ordinary cloths. "Hydea" cloth is made at Dudbridge Mills, Stroud, where the industry of making "West of England" cloth has been carried on for over three hundred years. And during that time the family of Apperly has been associated with that industry.

Now, when a firm has been engaged for three hundred years in the constant endeavour to maintain and, if possible, improve the quality of their wares, it is surely a good thing that they should have met with the success which has come to Apperly, Curtis and Co., Ltd. That success has been due to their selling no quality of cloth but the very finest.

As far as mere figures go, the price of Apperly, Curtis and Co.'s cloth is not low, but when you think of the quality—when you think of the refinement of the patterns which are offered, when you consider the fact that Apperly, Curtis and Co.'s "Hydea" cloth will outwear any cloth of cheaper quality and will look well all the time it wears—then, surely, "Hydea" cloth cannot be considered dear: it is the cheapest in the end.

As a result of this very excellent policy of serving the public with the very finest cloth that can possibly be manufactured, honours without number have come to Apperly, Curtis and Co., Ltd. In fact, the exhibit of the firm's gold medals tells the story of industrial exhibitions in this country and abroad, from the time of the first great International Exhibition in Hyde Park until the Brussels Exhibition, where they were placed *hors concours*.

The man who is particular about his clothes wants something more than a nice pattern: he wants to know that his clothes will keep in good shape and will always look nice.

The motorist demands that his clothing shall be absolutely weatherproof. The sportsman, who misuses his clothes in all weathers, requires that, after a hard day's rain, they shall not shrink, and that they shall be always ready for him—shapely and pleasant in appearance as they were when he wore them first.

All these qualities will be found in "Hydea" cloth—a fabric which is wear-resisting and weather-resisting.

"Hydea" cloths are made in all weights suitable for all climates, for all purposes, but in only one quality—THE BEST. Any high-class tailor in this country can supply you with this cloth. Ask your tailor to show you patterns of "Hydea" when you are ordering your next suit.

ONE OF THE WEAVING-SHEDS

APPERLY, CURTIS and CO., Ltd.
(Estab. 1794),
Dudbridge Mills,
Stroud, Glos.

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

I TAKE it that everybody is bumping about among the rocks and shoals of special reductions and remnants. And of a truth we do well to dedicate our immediate future to economies of every description, with the outrageous Income Tax payment to face. Coming, as this does, directly on top of Christmas expenses, induces one to make all manner of vows anent stinginess when next the festive season comes round. Vows, of course, we shall never keep. But in the meantime I would draw your attention to a sale purchase that has an assured spice of originality about it, in the adaptation of two fancy scarves to the services of a tunic. The picture by Mrs. Dorothy Millar clearly relates how this is brought about. Because silvery grey is going to be one of the leading selections of the season we would suggest that *nuance* with a touch of telling relief imparted by a *ceinture* of geranium-pink ribbon. *Et voilà!*

A Dainty Dance Gown
The tunic of which is composed of two fancy scarves
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

At Kate Newton's, 151, Great Portland Street

a sale of exceptional character is proceeding. There is absolutely no tempering of the bargains here, which are of an extraordinary order. Having brought her unique business into still greater evidence by augmented and sumptuous premises, which include a spacious window display, Kate Newton has provided herself with a further incentive to maintain the reputation she has attained of securing the pick of Paris and Viennese models, which she is able to retail at half, or frequently a third, the original cost price.

Realising that her resources will be more severely taxed than ever during the coming Coronation year—many *grandes dames* relying for their regal confections on Kate Newton—the present clearance must necessarily be complete to make room for fresh supplies. To effect this, the surplus stock is marked regardless of cost, the selection including evening gowns of every description, afternoon toilettes, in which chiffon velveteen plays a conspicuous rôle, opera coats, tailor-mades, teagowns, and furs. And in the whole *galère* there are not two models alike.

The reductions brought to bear upon the furs are particularly drastic, stole and muff sets commencing as low as 59*s.* 6*d.*, and excellent half-length fur-lined coats at 2½ gns. Fashioned of soft satin or silk and *ninon*, and all *le dernier cri* in style, there is an unrivalled choice of dainty evening dresses at 3 gns., tailor-made costumes, the coats lined satin, and betraying the best cut and workmanship, have, in many instances, been dropped as low as 59*s.* 6*d.*

Sykes-Josephine, 280, Regent Street

With a *clientèle* of fastidious tastes and inclinations, it behoves Sykes-Josephine to make a clear sweep at the close of each season of all the surplus stock in order to make room for fresh consignments. Towards this end the house is particularly generous in the matter of reductions, marking down *recherché* models to prices usually asked for quite inferior goods—a fact brought into very prominent notice by a selection of smart, dainty *crêpe de Chine* and *ninon* blouses originally fetching 2 gns. that are now going at 15*s.* 9*d.*

Similarly with the *lingerie*. Really remarkable value is offered in the most exquisitely fine, hand-made garments, just a trifle shop-tossed, but not a

The Chance for Bargains

The recent elections, combined with the unpropitious weather, have been the primary causes of the stagnation of business in the West End during the past month, and the few women who have found it absolutely necessary to replenish their wardrobe have not done so with the zest which usually accompanies a shopping expedition.

Fortunately, I have been able to withstand the temptation, and now find myself rewarded since the winter sales are now in full progress, and I can lay out my money to much greater advantage than I could have done a week or two earlier.

Attracted by the special window displays of the London Corset Company, of 28, New Bond Street, during the past few weeks, I made this one of my first places of call, knowing that here I could secure what I urgently needed, a really good pair of corsets.

The sale, which terminates January 28, is now in full progress, and it is possible to obtain a pair of real Parisian corsets, including two pairs of suspenders, at the unheard-of price of 9*s.* 11*d.*

The ever-popular guinea corset can be obtained in a dozen varieties of fanciful fabrics for 19*s.*, whilst those with slender figures can obtain a really charming model exquisitely shaped in spotted coutille for 31*s.* 6*d.*, which for wear and finish is unequalled. This price includes suspenders.

Ladies inclined to stoutness are specially catered for by a charming corset of brocaded coutille. It is exceptionally strong, and cut on very novel lines, which impart to the figure the graceful curve we so much admire without in any way compressing same. The sale price of this is 34*s.* only.

Those who require a more expensive model should try the famous tailor corset. It is made of a new black silk material, which fits very closely into the figure, and as the shape is exceptionally smart, it adequately fulfils its requirements. It is devoid of the customary lace trimming, and in place of same has lines of coloured silk outlining the top and seams in graceful curves, so you can imagine the general effect is quite charming. The price of this model is 47*s.* 3*d.*

There are, of course, innumerable other models at varying prices, but you may be interested to learn that in addition to corsets the London Corset Company are disposing of their entire stock of coats and skirts, gowns, dresses, coats and wraps, and, in fact, all garments outside their corset stock at greatly reduced prices.

Some white and coloured washing coats and skirts of French construction are priced as low as 10*s.* 6*d.*, the original price being £2 12*s.* 6*d.*, whilst smartly cut serge and cloth afternoon dresses have been reduced from £3 3*s.* to 20*s.*

Some zephyr morning dresses of the latest mode, prettily trimmed with embroidery, lace, and braid, are priced from 7*s.* upwards.

A mauve satin evening dress, draped with self-coloured *ninon*, and trimmed with gold-beaded *ninon* and fringe, the whole being hand-made, has been reduced from £12 12*s.* to £5, in addition to which there are numerous other bargains in blouses, etc., which I have no space to enumerate, and all of which are things which must be worn by ladies desirous of following the present mode.

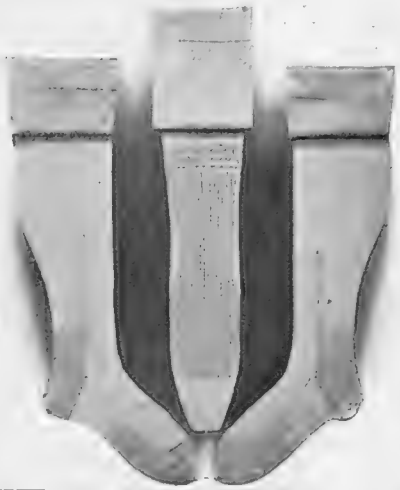
I. S.

Joh. WILSONS' SUCC'RS LIMTD

SALE Pure Silk Hose.

10/6 quality; extra splicing heel and sole of foot, Lace design in straight lines. *Black, White, Nil, Sky, Pink, Helio.* **6/6** pair.

9/6 quality; *Pale Blue, Silver, and Mole Grey,* with Clocks and extra splicing for hard wear. **7/6** pair.



6/9 quality; *Black and Colours,* Clocks and extra splicing. **5/-** pair.

188 REGENT ST.

SALE OF IRISH LINENS

OUR JANUARY SALE of SURPLUS STOCK affords an excellent opportunity for replenishing in our world-renowned makes of Irish Linens at lowest Belfast prices.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S STANDARD MAKES of IRISH LINEN AT BARGAIN PRICES.

BARGAINS IN BED LINEN include odd lot Sheets, and the reasonable prices quoted for Sheets, Pillow Cases and Towels, are such as seldom offered.

Linen Sheets (hemmed for use), 2 by 3 yards, 12/11; 2½ by 3 yards, 15/6 pair.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2½ by 3 yards, 20/9 pair; 2½ by 3½ yards, 23/6; 3 by 3½ yards, 30/- pair.

Linen Pillow Cases, 17 by 28 inches, 1/8; 20 by 30 ,, 2/3 pair. Linen Towels, heavy huckabuck, usually 15/6; offered at 12/6 doz.

ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ld.
44 T, Donegall Place, BELFAST.

Every Lady should know that Southalls' Sanitary Towels are a comfort, convenience, and saving of the cost of washing, and an absolute necessity to health—

Southalls' Towels

the greatest invention of the age for women's comfort, are sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists, in silver packets containing one dozen at 6*d.*; also manufactured under their improved Patents, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, and 2*s.* A trial will immediately convince that there is no real substitute for these goods.

A Sample Packet containing six towels in the four standard sizes, post free, in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps from the Lady Manager 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

Southalls' Protective Apron for use with Southalls' Sanitary Towels. Very light. Waterproof. Adaptable. Needs no adjustment. Very durable. Price 2*s.*

TO THE DEAF BY WIRELESS ! !

Magnified Sound Waves, conveyed through a scientific and thoroughly practical instrument, place the deaf on an aural equality with everybody.

The Electrophone in use. Less conspicuous than Eyeglasses.

This Wonderful Instrument—

THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE

Has Brought Perfect Hearing to over 85,000 People.

A Specimen of the Every-Day kind of Letter we receive :

Melbourne House, Tavistock Road, Plymouth.
Nov. 12th, 1910.

Manager, STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., Limited,
85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your prompt attention in adjusting the instrument I had from you six months ago, which has proved all your pamphlet states it will accomplish in enabling deaf people to hear.

I have suffered ever since deafness was brought on by scarlet fever when a child, and later it got worse through rheumatic fever. I underwent an operation by one of the most celebrated aurists of the day, which benefited me for the time, but later paralysis of the nerves of the ears set in to such an extent that I was unable to hear an alarm clock even when pressed against my ear.

Since I have had your instrument I can hear a clock four feet away and join in conversation in a small room by standing the battery with receiver on top in the centre of table with the enlarger fixed in receiver. I am enabled to hear a band or enjoy a concert, which formerly I had been unable to do for many years.

All the specialists I have been under consider it wonderful, as they prophesied total deafness, but now at the age of sixty I am enabled to hear sounds that formerly I was unable to do.

You are at liberty to make use of this statement or refer others similarly affected to—

Yours truly, S. A. MAITLAND.

The STOLZ ELECTROPHONE is a neat, unobtrusive, portable, and practical pocket telephone, so small as to be almost invisible, yet so carefully and accurately made as to convey even whispers quite clearly to the deaf or partially deaf.

The STOLZ ELECTROPHONE is constructed on sound scientific principles. In effect it magnifies the sound waves, and, by carrying them direct to the auditory nerve, transmits the sound to the brain, thus enabling the user to hear quite clearly and well.

In use the ear piece of the instrument is simply placed against the ear in exactly the same way as an ordinary telephone, the remaining portion being out of sight. The sound of any person's voice is then conveyed distinctly, the articulation being perfectly clear and natural. It may be carried on the person without the slightest inconvenience, and is effectual at all times and places—indoors or out, when walking or riding, at concerts, theatres, lectures, or other places where good hearing is essential to perfect enjoyment.

Will you let the **STOLZ ELECTROPHONE** prove itself? You can arrange a 15 days' trial in your own home. If it fails you may with perfect freedom send it back. There is no obligation whatever to purchase.

IT IMPROVES THE NATURAL HEARING.

At the Theatre.

FREE TEST. All who can call are cordially invited to do so. The merits of the instrument will be demonstrated to every inquirer without importunity to purchase. If you cannot call, write to either of the addresses given below for further particulars. A fully descriptive booklet will be sent post free. A FIFTEEN DAYS' TRIAL AT HOME CAN BE ARRANGED.

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Head Office: Byron House, 85, Fleet St., London.

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THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 371.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, January 11, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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37 GERRARD VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 45 ACRES.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS
embracing Knockholt Beeches, Elmstead Woods and the Surrey Hills.

Exquisitely positioned on Southern slope of a hill.

A DRIVE SOUTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, *one of the best-known examples of modern Elizabethan architecture, substantially built and elaborately fitted and finished absolutely regardless of cost.* 500ft. above sea, in perfectly secluded and countrified position. Sand and gravel soil; due South aspect. Approached from a pretty rustic lodge by a long winding carriage drive through finely timbered grounds, the RESIDENCE contains: *lofty and well-proportioned hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, picture gallery, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices.* Excellent detached stabling for 5, with groom's rooms over; coachman's house; farm-buildings, gardener's cottage.

ARTISTICALLY DISPLAYED GROUNDS.

3 terraced lawns for tennis, croquet, and bowls, grass promenades, high brick wall in Elizabethan style, protecting one of the terraces, 2 recessed alcoves forming summerhouses, kitchen garden, glasshouses, grandly timbered, undulating, park-like lands, and 22½ acres of ornamental woodlands, in all about 45 acres. *Gas and Company's water. Hot-water heating. Telephone. Close to golf course.* Would be Let.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PUTNEY HEATH.

To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD.

GLORIOUS SYLVAN VIEWS.

Hall, conservatory, 3 handsome reception, bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms, capital offices.

MODERATE RENT.

Would be Let on agreement.

A PERFECT POSITION.

Practically surrounded by the Heath.

DEEP GRAVEL SOIL.

Excellent repair, all conveniences. Electric light. Full-sized tennis court.—Apply,

HAMPTON AND SONS,

High Street, Wimbledon Common; and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY £3,250 FOR QUICK SALE

A SUPERB POSITION.

Unequalled views extending to the Sussex Downs.

SURREY, NEAR MERSTHAM.—Over 3 acres. This particularly attractive HOUSE, built for the owner's occupation regardless of expense, is situated in one of the most delightful spots on the beautiful Surrey Hills.

The approach is by long winding carriage drive, and the accommodation includes *spacious hall, capital dining and drawing rooms (the latter having lounge 38ft. long), complete offices with servants' hall, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, linen and excellent boxrooms.* Stabling of 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house.

MOTOR-HOUSE WITH PIT.

The fine old pleasure grounds are beautifully timbered and well laid out, terrace walks, Dutch garden, rockery, excellent tennis lawn (200ft. by 50ft.), rose garden, kitchen and flower gardens, conservatory, in all over 3 acres.—Personally known to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY £120 PER ANNUM,

and small premium.

HUNTING 4 DAYS A WEEK.

BICESTER HUNT (½ mile from station, on high ground).—Unfurnished, capital HOUSE, with fine views. Entrance and inner halls, smoking, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, complete offices, including servants' hall, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6, coach-house for 4, saddle room, etc. Nicely timbered pleasure grounds, comprising tennis and other lawns, shrubberies, kitchen garden, peach-house and meadowland, in all about

10½ ACRES.

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

SUSSEX (between Lewes and Tunbridge Wells).—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing on an eminence in the centre of nearly 14 acres. It faces South, commands delightful views, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; Company's water; stabling for 3, and men's rooms, garage; farmery, cottage, charming gardens, grass terraces, tennis and croquet courts, rosary, shady walks, well-stocked kitchen garden and meadow-land; hunting; golf. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,718)

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOUSE,

Facing South, and entirely sheltered from all North and East winds.

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The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; electric light and telephone; heated by hot-water radiators; Company's water; garage, and men's rooms; extremely beautiful pleasure grounds, richly timbered with a variety of ornamental trees and shrubs.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,728)

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520FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

DEER PARK. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD HUNTING.

TO BE SOLD, an important Freehold RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of over 1,000 acres, including a fine Elizabethan Mansion, standing high in a beautifully timbered deer park of 630 acres. The House is in perfect order, and contains: a magnificent suite of 6 large and lofty reception rooms, 30 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, and spacious domestic offices; excellent stabling for 36 horses; motor garage for 6 cars; delightful old gardens, miniature lake, etc.: 337 acres of woodland; capital sporting.—Detailed particulars, photographs, and plan of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (4,421)

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,710)

UNDER AN HOUR FROM TOWN (in a very good residential district).—HISTORICAL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, standing in a beautifully timbered park of about 60 acres. The House has been carefully restored and enlarged, and possesses a quantity of

ANCIENT OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

Accommodation: large lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bedrooms, bathrooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room; ample stabling, farmhouse, outbuildings, cottages, etc.; delightful old grounds, containing some

GRAND OLD FOREST TREES

and meadow-land.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,283)

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

STATION ½ MILE. GOLF COURSE 1 MILE.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages.—Illustrated particulars, with plans, of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY. 500FT. ABOVE SEA, ON SAND SOIL.

TO BE SOLD.—The above RESIDENCE is surrounded by well-timbered grounds, and is approached by a drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

Stabling, garage, lodge, and cottages, etc.; the grounds are of great natural beauty, with terraced lawns, shrubberies, wilderness garden, etc., and park-like land, in all over

20 ACRES.

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HERTS (1 hour of London).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 21 ACRES, admirably adapted for a STUD FARM. There is a well-built Cottage Residence (as above), fitted with modern conveniences and beautifully decorated, and containing 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 10; garage; small garden and meadowland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W (4,887)

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HARROW-ON-THE-HILL and RICKMANSWORTH district (accessible to 2 stations, whence London is reached in about 20 minutes).—To be SOLD, Freehold, at a low figure, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, together with 11, 25, or 31 acres. It comprises the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful situation, essentially in the country; long carriage drive approach with lodge entrance: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3; glorious views extending to the Surrey Hills and Windsor Forest are obtained from most of the principal apartments; Company's water; modern sanitation; telephone installed; inexpensive matured grounds with tennis lawn, orchard, and several enclosures of pasture-land; excellent golf links almost adjoining; coarse fishing in the neighbourhood.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,858)

OLD MANOR HOUSE (see view above) on Norfolk and Suffolk Borders, near coast and golf links, with 3 acres of beautiful grounds, walled kitchen garden, lawns, and paddock: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3, motor-house, and outbuildings; 2 miles from station. PRICE, £1,700 ONLY.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,794)

CHARMING AND VALUABLE
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE
OF
72 ACRES
FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.
Midway between
BRIGHTON AND LONDON.
MEDIUM-SIZED
COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.
LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.
Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.
RNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL
WOOD OF 9 ACRES.
Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.
Two Cottages.
ear Two Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.
Two miles from a town and station.
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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

CHICHESTER AND GOODWOOD DISTRICT and only about 4 miles from the sea.—To be SOLD, a charming and valuable small FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a well-arranged Residence (see view above), on gravel soil: panelled lounge hall, large reception rooms opening to verandah, about 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, housekeeper's room, etc.; exceptionally good stabling for 8, groom's rooms and coachman's cottage; well water raised by oil engine; sanitary arrangements believed to be perfect; heavily timbered grounds, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and meadow-land, about 8 acres in all, with additional land adjoining available if required; hunting with 2 packs, and near golf links.—Strongly recommended by WALTON LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,676)

SUFFOLK (near SOUTHWOLD, a few minutes from the sea).—£2,700 will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 4 ACRES, with stabling for 4 horses, well-timbered grounds, large kitchen garden and paddock: 9 bedrooms, bathrooms (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms; well away from road, carriage drive; close to golf links and yacht anchorage; gravel soil; ½ mile from station. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,768)

BICESTER HUNT (centre of).
JUST OVER ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD AT A MODERATE PRICE, or LET, an old-fashioned stone-built MANOR HOUSE, containing: BILLIARD and 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, large hall, and offices; stabling, coach or motor-house; good garden, tennis and croquet courts, ornamental lake, in all about 3 ACRES; gravel soil; good water supply and modern drainage; the premises have recently been redecorated. —Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,592)

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station. — Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

SURREY and SUSSEX BORDERS (near Holmwood).—For SALE at a reduced price, a picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating, nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices; electric light; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,817)

DORKING (1½ miles from), with lovely views of Boxhill.—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, exceptionally charming ELIZABETHAN HOUSE and 18 acres: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 4, motor garage, cottage; beautifully laid-out grounds, tennis courts, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, conservatory, well-stocked orchard; modern drainage; gas and water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,063)

AMONGST THE PINES AND HEATHER.

ON SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS, between Farnham and Hindhead.—To be SOLD, or LET Unfurnished, picturesque RESIDENCE, on the South slope of a hill; carriage drive approach, well away from motor traffic: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; motor garage and man's rooms: 3 acres of charming grounds, terraces, rockery, and ornamental pine plantation; Company's water, modern drainage. Additional land up to 10 acres can be had. 2 miles from golf. Moderate terms.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,010)

ON THE COTSWOLDS (800ft. above sea; 4 miles from a good town, 12 from Cheltenham).—The above typical old ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE and 19½ acres for SALE, with large cottage of 7 rooms, old, walled, well-stocked gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock and pasture-land, stabling and coach-house: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, old oak staircase. Price, with 3 acres, £2,200, or with the whole of the land, including extra 5 cottages, with good gardens, £3,400.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,831)

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A PERFECT LITTLE PROPERTY.

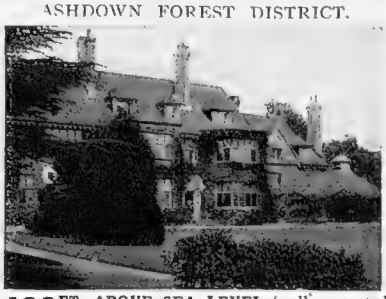
G.C.R. (35 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, the above UNIQUE PROPERTY in a most convenient position, standing in LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Combining the beauties of the old with the conveniences of the new.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and excellent offices.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS (Amersham Common; 500ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built artistically designed RESIDENCE in a magnificent position, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS, CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1 ACRE. PRICE ONLY £1,500. — Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.



400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL (well protected from the North and East; sandstone subsoil; extremely warm and dry situation; wonderful views).—The HOUSE (see view above) contains: 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, 13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 bathrooms, and really good domestic accommodation; there is a cottage in grounds for gardener; good stabling, also garage for 2 cars.

THE GROUNDS, WITH PARK-LIKE PADDOCKS AND ENCLOSURES, ARE PRACTICALLY PERFECT.

—For full details, apply to the Agents, as above.

RENT VERY MODERATE.

KENT (between Tonbridge and Maidstone).—To be LET, from January, the above well-Furnished and very attractive VICARAGE, commanding very pleasant views: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; beautifully timbered grounds; gas; certified drainage; Co's water: hunting, fishing.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,043)

SURREY.—To be SOLD, the above substantially built RESIDENCE, in 3 acres of ground on the finest position at Hook Heath, commanding extensive views, only a few minutes from the golf club house: large vestibule, sitting hall, dining room (20ft. by 21ft.), billiard room (29ft. by 20ft.), drawing room (25ft. 9in. by 15ft.), servants' hall, 8 principal bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 2 baths, 3 large servants' bedrooms, garage, etc.: nicely laid-out grounds, full-size tennis and croquet lawns, greenhouse, summerhouse, walled fruit and kitchen gardens, and Dutch garden.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT ONLY 5 GUINEAS PER WEEK.

SOUTH DEVON COAST (1 mile from sea; MILD and SUNNY CLIMATE).—This attractive RESIDENCE to LET until May next: 12 good bed, bath, 4 or 5 sitting rooms, servants' hall; stabling 6; very pretty grounds 11 acres; sea and river fishing; hunting; golf near.—All particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,134)

TO BE SOLD, an extremely attractive RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc. The house and grounds of 10 acres would be Sold separately.—Box K 4,886, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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whit the worse on that account. Nightgowns, in a variety of fashionable styles, start at 15*s.* 6*d.*, chemises at 4*s.* 6*d.*, and knickers at 6*s.*, and from this modest commencement a wealth of fascinating choice is provided, always under bargain conditions.

Those of us who know Sykes Josephine can endorse the good character held by the Krutoid petticoat top. The comfort of this soft, flexible weave is immeasurable, absolutely the only bar to universal adoption being the usual price of 2 gns. for a plain top and 2½ gns. for a model planned on corselet lines, which places these covetable possessions somewhat out of reach of the more moderate purse. During the sale, however, Sykes Josephine is parting with the remainder of the surplus stock from 14*s.* 9*d.*—in tan and pink only— supplementing the offer with smart adjustable flounces from 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

What tailor-mades remain—and they are Sykes Josephine's own exclusive styles—are to be cleared from 3 gns., this sum securing a *chic*, up-to-date little tweed suit. And those capital knitted golf coats, in a Norfolk variety, commence as low as 14*s.* 9*d.*

The Clearance at John Wilson's Successors, 188, Regent Street

opens up quite another vista. To some of us it is an immeasurably enthralling one, and those who really are able to distinguish sound damasks and linens from the latter-day faked-up concoctions are thankful indeed to put their trust in the trained judgment and fastidious selection of the mind controlling this establishment.

A Chic Mid-Season Manteau

Of soft satin, gracefully draped round the figure, and thrown back at the throat by a roll collar of fur

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Prefacing the special list issued in connection with the present sale is the announcement that the year has opened with advanced prices on all linen yarn goods, followed by the opinion that there is every probability of these advanced rates being retained for an indefinite period, a consideration that unquestionably enhances the opportunity now obtaining at John Wilson's Successors of securing high-grade goods at popular prices.

As may be judged from the illustrated list, all the reductions are absolutely genuine, the original, together with the sale prices, being printed.

A particular page to be studied in the list is No. 10, which deals with a lot of hand-woven damask, bought recently very advantageously, and which is going at the unwonted reduction of half price. In some cases the cloths are so large they are worth buying to cut, and so make two.

There are bargains galore, also, in sheets and pillow-cases, a few hand-hemmed "Heirloom" linen sheets, made out of ends of webs of the finest quality, falling 50 per cent. below the listed price, a similar drop occurring in the case of some weavers' damages. In short, this sale literally teems with interest.

Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

A decision that jumps quickly to the mind on hearing that a sale is on hand here is to go quickly to the ladies' outfitting and costume departments. This January, in the ready-to-wear frocks, there are some stupendous bargains, including dance and restaurant toilettes, useful serge dresses, and even some advance early spring fancies. There are a perfectly sweet little serge frock, obtainable in either navy or black, trimmed with black braid and buttons and guimpe of oxydised net, only 98*s.* 6*d.*, a number of velveteen gowns going at 78*s.* 6*d.*, while all the models are marked down to give-away prices, irrespective of their intrinsic value.

There is no better sale than Debenham's to pick up bargains in dressing-gowns and teagowns, since the stock maintained is prodigious.

Blouses, too, are an always seductive feature, 500 blouses and shirts, all thoroughly well-made from fashionable materials, including this season's models, clearing at half the marked prices.

Furs supply some of the most attractive bargains, the whole surplus stock being more or less touched.

The catalogue I have to hand of this sale is an altogether exceptional production, and a perusal will materially aid selection.

"Phemie Gilchrist," by Marjorie Bowen (*continued from page* 88)

the oat braid before the harvesting and singing a song of the faeries' cup-bearer, and was like to utter a malison on himself that ever he should bring sorrow on her gentle head.

Yet was not the fair-haired youth a servant of Bonshaw's, and could he feel remorse for cleaving such to the neck-band, a godless man, abomination in the sight of the fearful God?

He looked along the scarcely visible road that wound down the glen and dreaded, as he had before longed, to see the figure of his sister approaching.

The chafing stream made a louder noise with the rising evening winds that filled the hollows of the hills and shook the ash boughs over the desolate burial place; the lucid glow of departing day illumined with a tender clearness the carved and broken stones that marked the last bed of ancient chieftain and humble peasant.

Elphin raised his eyes to where the sunset stained the western ridge of the mountain, and his face was haggard as it had not been during all his outlawed life, then he convulsively snatched up the fatal weapon and stared again at the name of the owner—Frank Hawkins.

Then, as he listened with a horrid expectancy, he heard the sound he would have before so gladly heard, but now would have changed willingly to the clatter of armed men—the sound of a horse's soft canter along the grassy glen.

While he still stood motionless, the pistol in his hand, she came riding up, dismounted and cast the reins round the bough of a yew.

"Elphin! I am here—hath the time seemed long?"

"Very long," he answered wildly.

She entered the graveyard; her face was rosy with riding and her ringlets disordered under the snood.

"No one knoweth of my coming," she said, eager to assure him of her loyal wit; "but oh, Elphin, I was minded to tell our mother—she had heard that a company of soldiers were entering the wards of Lowther, and oh, but her heart was sore that you might be among those they hunted!"

The Covenanter stood silent; his eyes cast down to the pistol he held, and she continued.

"But I did not dare tell her you were here for fear her agitation should discover us ——"

Here Phemie paused, panting and smiling.

"But when thou art safe, my Elphin, I will tell her where the good mare hath gone—into Clydesdale with thee——"

So saying she drew him gently towards the steed, who surveyed them out of her full, soft, and pitying dark eye.

"A moment, Phemie!" cried the young minister with a blanched lip. "Before I take thy succour there is something I must say."

She dropped her hand from his plaid, and closely gazed into his face.

"Thou art changed since my last coming!"

"That hath happened since thy last coming that sufficeth to change my countenance and chill my heart."

She smiled at him, thinking the solitude had wrought upon his imagination.

"Do not look so wildly, Elphin, there are no evil spirits to mumble here; this is a holy place—set thy lips to my forehead in the farewell kiss, and mount, mount and ride to Clydesdale!"

He took a step from her in the thick grass, and pressed his open hand to his bosom.

"I can neither mount nor flee until I have said what is on my mind, Phemie."

"Then hasten, my dearest, for in truth I heard that the cavaliers were riding about the wards of Lowther hunting the Whigs, and every sound seemeth to me the harness of an armed soldier——"

"Phemie," he interrupted, "what is thy lover like?"

She looked at him amazed.

"Fair—not so tall as you—not so grave—with gay eyes——"

"He wore long locks?"

Phemie smiled.

"Long locks as fine as the new-spun silk or as the fairest tresses a maid ever confined in the snood," she answered, and the deep tenderness with which she spoke was an added pang to Elphin Gilchrist.

"Listen," he said, "and judge if I shall ride your beast to Clydesdale or no——"

"Elphin!" she cried, terrified by the accent in which he spoke.

The Covenanter bent his head.

"God knoweth how hard it is for me to speak—my sister!—who taught me to weave the white-fingered rushes, who followed me up the glen side and listened so patiently to my early hopes and fears—Oh, Phemie! bitter are the words I have to say."

Her mild blue eye became dashed with moisture, she hung on his speech, and the cambric above her bosom heaved like troubled water, while a pallor not wholly due to the declining light and the mournful shade of the ash overspread her features.

"It was——" cried Elphin, with a desperate strength as if he wrenched the confession from his bosom, "it was Frank Hawkins that I struck down at out last meeting amid the heather!"

The maiden did not understand.

"Frank Hawkins!" she murmured.

"Thy English lover, Phemie! Upon the pistol snatched from his side I have seen his name—he was the cavalier gentleman I felled to the earth——"

She caught the weapon from her brother's slack hand and examined it eagerly

"Yes, yes! this is Frank's pistol; many a time have I seen it in his belt and rubbed a spot of rust from its brightness! And did you strike him, did you say; did you raise your hand against my dear?"

Elphin Gilchrist looked her steadily in the face.

"I told you, Phemie, of the soldier I smote to the earth when the bloody military broke in upon our prayers——"

She gave a low shriek.

"And was Frank Hawkins that man?"

"He was," answered the Covenanter.

Phemie recoiled; the pistol sank against her plaid.

"Oh—my Frank! But I thought him in Edinburgh."

"He was there, with dark Bonshaw's men," returned Elphin, with a look of settled horror.

"And did you strike him?" cried Phemie frantically; "did you raise your hand against him? What if he is hurt—wounded, and I not there to nurse his weakness! Maybe now he is tossing on the bed of fever!"

He made a movement as if to touch her, but she drew further back.

"Oh, he was a gentle youth; thou had'st no cause to hurt him!"

"I did not strike the young man wantonly to his hurt; he had his carbine cocked——"

Phemie interrupted.

"Cease, Elphin, cease. Thou hast put misery and trouble into the heart of thy sister, who would have given her life for thee!"

"Is this youth so much to you?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

With a shudder she laid the pistol on the stone wall.

"He is the love of my heart and the joy of my days, the man to whom my humble faith is given!"

"Then your lover is more to you than your own flesh and blood, Phemie Gilchrist?"

"Nay, nay," she cried with a start. "How could you know? Yet it is difficult for me to touch the hand that was raised against Frank Hawkins!"

He folded his arms on his bosom.

"Leave me, then, with the hoodie crow for company—ride back down the glen and let me wait the coming of the warriors."

"No!" exclaimed Phemie; "can you think me so disleal to my sworn word and to our natural affection—but, oh Elphin, I would it had not been thou to hurt him!"

A groan broke through the Covenanter's pale lips.

"Take your vengeance, Phemie; leave me here to my fate. The young man's companions are after me to avenge him."

"Hush; you must not speak such words of horrid import. Could a sister forsake a brother?"

With a burst of affection she caught and pressed his hand.

"Fly, Elphin, fly, and leave me to my sorrow! Where was it you saw him? To-morrow he was to have come back to Lanark, and now maybe he is lying sick and desolate on the heather! But hasten, Elphin, the time passeth."

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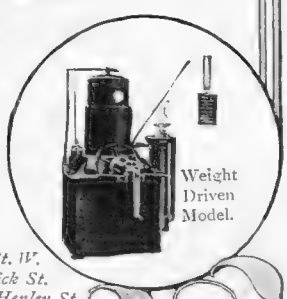

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(Continued from page x)

He strode over to the horse and unloosened the bridle from the yew bough; his aspect was stern and his eye glared fiercely down the shadowed glen.

"Tell me," said Phemie, "how you left him, where he was hurt, and how he fell, if he was greatly wounded or no, what day it was, and what place——"

"Hush! I hear the jingle of the cavalry!"

She listened.

"No, Elphin, it was but the birds in the holly grove and the wind in the ruins. Hasten; but before you go, oh, answer me these questions of my dear!"

The Covenanter turned to face her; he cast the bridle from him; his face worked with emotion, and his bosom heaved with suppressed anguish.

"I would I was lapped in my last linen, lying in the dowie kirkyard, Phemie, sooner than have to say what I must to thee. But we cannot part on a lie."

"A lie?"

"Do not look at me so awesomely, my sister! He was one of the tyrant's servants——"

"Speak plain, Elphin, speak plain."

He paused for a moment, and the sweat broke out on his brow.

"Do not curse me. I *killed* Frank Hawkins."

A loud scream came from the ashy lips of Phemie Gilchrist. She stared at him with a frantic and glazing eye, which seemed to bespeak a reason overthrown.

"You killed him!" she shrieked.

"I smote him, and he fell among the slaughtered saints. I would not tell at first for fear of thy gentle heart; but now, Phemie, I cannot take my life from you under a deceit."

She darted from the graveyard on to the hillside.

"Off from me, murderer! Have I touched thee—clasped the hand that shed his blood—fed and succoured the slayer of my love!" She gave an unearthly laugh and clapped her hands together. "I have sewn the garments for my bridal, and I shall go kirkwards in white, but I shall not pass the church porch! And did you see his bonnie head low on the heather, and doth he lie beneath the summer sod while I have been counting the days to his return?"

The Covenanter followed her, and tried to restrain her, but she shrieked again, and threw him off.

"Thou art revenged," he said mournfully. "I shall not ride to Clydesdale to-night; I see the troopers crossing the stream."

The unfortunate maiden turned her head and saw a little band of cavaliers armed with carbines and pistols, fluttering plumes and ruffles in the evening air, who, attracted by her screams while they searched the glen, had turned out of their way to the ruined churchyard.

Elphin Gilchrist folded his arms on his bosom.

"Do not let me die with thy curse on my head, Phemie!"

She gave another laugh of frenzy, and, springing down the sloping grass, pointed out with the gesture and mien of a maniac, the dark figure of her brother.

"There is the murderer, gentlemen!"

"It is the preacher who slew the cornet!" cried the foremost rider.

"God's will be done," said Elphin Gilchrist.

The trooper levelled his carbine, the shot echoed through the lonely glen, and the young Covenanter fell on his face beside the graveyard wall.

As he dropped Phemie Gilchrist rushed to his side, and glared down at his still heaving form with the serenity of delirium.

The officer rode up.

"Take away the lass," he said, "and fetch my pistol, if the villain have it still—that I lent to poor Graeme because his wheel-lock broke, if you recall, Mowbray."

Then, moved to pity by the motionless figure of the hooded maiden, whose little horse was in vain nosing her mantle, he himself galloped to her side.

"Blood for blood," she murmured. Then, hearing the jingle of his spur steel she looked up.

The cavalier gave an exclamation of horror, and she sank before his horse's feet like a sapling struck at the roots.

For she had lifted her eyes to the face of her lover, Frank Hawkins.

MARJORIE BOWEN.

Some Recent Novels

Owing to the absence of Mr. Robert Ross in Germany, the Literary Log is suspended for the current issue.—ED.

"The Amazing Mutes"

In a cheery little volume called *The Amazing Mutes*, published by Stanley Paul and Co., Mr. Ward Muir has given us the adventures of a party of "Mutual Improvement Touring Association" trippers making a five-guinea trip to Lucerne and a private party of aristocrats enjoying themselves at the same town, complicated by Mr. Briggs, of "Brigg's Brixton Bazaar" and Pomfret a butler. There is just enough love in the book to make it a novel, and sufficient amusing situations to entitle it to be classed as really humourous. Certainly, *The Amazing Mutes* gives a good six shillings' worth of fun for the money, and the author is to be complimented. If he would add, as an appendix to future volumes, the famous recitation, "How Mother-in-law Fried the Eggs," one's curiosity would be satisfied.

"The White Bride"

For those who like a tangled mystery, Mr. Fred M. White, through Messrs. Ward, Lock, has provided ample food in *The White Bride* (6*s*.). Those who know any of the thirteen "wonder-works" which Mr. White has written will find in his latest novel one which fully maintains his reputation for clever obscurity. It deals with money defalcations, with trusted servants falling to temptation, with attempted murder, and with woman. From start to finish the plot, or plots, proceed with breakneck speed, and one fairly gasps at the amount of intrigue which can be compressed into some three hundred pages. There is hardly the element of a tragedy which cannot be found in this volume. The style is flowing, and the portrayal of characters good, and for mystery-mongers the book should form a useful handbook.

"The Creators"

The shortest way to describe this volume is as a work on "The Obstetrics of Literature." The embryology, development, and final labour and deliverance of works of *belles lettres* are minutely described, by the pen of Miss May Sinclair, in *The Creators* (Constable and Co.: 6*s*.). As the novel—if such it can be called—develops, we find a coterie of four female geniuses, and four males who pose as such, bound together in a mutual admiration society. They eat, drink, talk, think, and dream incomprehensible High Literary Art; in fact, according to themselves, they are the reincarnation of the spirits of Parnassus. Also ran The Ancient Classics with Shakespeare last. Oh, there is an editor, but at present he is not to be found catering for mere mortals in Fleet Street, or its purlieus. Not a very convincing book, but decidedly entertaining.

"Mona's Weird"

Captain Henry Curties presents a truly weird history in his book, *Mona's Weird* (Everett: 6*s*.), which has recently been published. Moreover, it is up to date, for what could be more modern than the employment of aeroplanes to escape from a tight corner? The book—it is not a great work—is really interesting, and the solution of the mystery around which it is woven is not discovered till the last chapter. Which is as it should be in this class of novel. The style is good and the situations clever, but it would not be fair to reveal any of them in a review. The book should be read to be appreciated, and well repays the time taken in following the fortunes of Mona, her cousin, and Bob Rawdon. Captain Curties has improved much since he wrote *The Idol of the King*, and that was by no means a weak story. The production is all that could be desired.

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Forced Flowers in Winter

The number of different plants which, by means of a high artificial temperature, are made to flower long before their usual time, often in the depth of winter, is perpetually increasing. It already includes azaleas, rhododendrons, dentzias, lilacs, guelder roses, almonds, and many others. Two things are necessary—moisture and warmth. And at first the moisture should be in the air rather than in the soil. For wet soil is prejudicial to dormant plants, the roots being liable to decay in it. On the other hand, moisture in the air is important not only for the purpose of moistening the bark and so helping the buds to burst, but also to enable the high temperature to have its full effect on the plants. This may easily be proved by pouring water on the hot pipes in the greenhouse. As the result of the rising steam, the mercury in the thermometer will spring up several degrees almost instantly. Hence the advantage, when plants are being forced, of keeping the air more than usually moist. At the same time, they should be frequently sprayed, and as soon as growth commences more water may be applied to the soil. The whole process is obviously unnatural, and plants that have been subjected to it are rarely of much good afterwards —at any rate, for two or three years. As a rule they are specially grown for the purpose, and when that purpose is accomplished they are thrown away, or, perhaps, if they are hardy, planted out in the wilder part of the garden. When buying them, it is important to see that they are well supplied with flower-buds, which may easily be recognised by their being much rounder and thicker than wood-buds.

Lillies of the Valley in Three Weeks

Lilies of the valley, though belonging to a very different class from the hard-wooded plants just mentioned, are also easily forced, and the large numbers to be seen in the florists' shops in winter have been grown in this manner. The roots may be bought either in clumps or in single crowns, and for forcing the latter should always be chosen. They should be selected crowns—three-year-old, plumper than two-year-old, which will flower only moderately, and much plumper than the thin-pointed one-year-old, which will not flower at all. The crowns should be packed closely together in boxes of light soil covered with a layer of fibre, and should be saturated with water and kept saturated the whole time. This large amount of moisture would injure most plants, but it will not injure lilies of the valley in a high temperature, and is, indeed, necessary to the success of the operation. Each box should have another inverted over it in order to exclude light during the early stages of growth and to keep the atmosphere moist, and should be supported over the hot-water pipes by means of a couple of bricks. As soon as the growth is two or three inches high the covering boxes may be removed. When so managed, lilies of the valley should flower in about three weeks, the exact time depending on the temperature. H. C. Davidson.

The Menu: HOW TO UTILISE COLD TURKEY

Turkey Soufflé
Devilled Turkey
Salad Mould
Kromeskys of Turkey
The Best Way to Cook Pigeons

Turkey Soufflé

Pound as small as possible about 3oz. of the flesh of a boiled or roast turkey, and mix with it four well-beaten eggs and a tablespoonful of cream, add a tiny flavouring of shallot, and a seasoning of salt, pepper, and cayenne. Place the mixture in a buttered mould, tie it well over with a cloth, and steam for an hour. Serve with a thick gravy round and garnish with roasted chestnuts.

Devilled Turkey

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with pepper, salt, cayenne, and lemon-juice, and if mustard is liked cover them well with made mustard and leave some hours. Then spread a little butter over them and broil over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Salad Mould

Take a plain mould and arrange slices of hard-boiled egg at the bottom, with chopped parsley and capers between; pour some liquid aspic jelly over, and, when set, fill up lightly with minced turkey and a little ham. Pour over some more liquid jelly, and when set turn out.

Kromeskys of Turkey

Three ounces of turkey, 1oz. of ham or tongue, 1oz. of butter, ½oz. of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of cream, lemon-juice.

Kromesky Batter.—¼lb. of flour, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the whites of two eggs, quarter of a pint of tepid water, salt. Put the flour in a basin, add the salt make a hole in the centre, and drop in the oil. Beat with a wooden spoon, add the water gradually, stir in the eggs, well beaten. Put the meat through the mincing-machine, and season well. Melt the butter, stir in the flour, add the meat; give it a stir over the fire, then remove; add the cream, eggs, and lemon-juice. Turn it on to a plate to get cold. Cut some slices of bacon as thin as possible, place on each slice a teaspoonful of the mince, and roll it up neatly. Dip each into the batter, and fry in boiling fat; drain. Kromeskys can also be made with an oyster on each, instead of the mince, or any cold fish.

The Best Way to Cook Pigeons

These delicate little birds are very often spoilt by being dried to a chip in the process of cooking. This can be altogether avoided by stewing them in a jar, which makes them beautifully tender, preserves their plumpness, and prevents them from wasting; place each bird in a jar, let it be completely covered with nicely flavoured brown gravy, tie the lid of the jar down. Place the jars in a saucepan of boiling water, so that they are three-parts covered. Then leave them to simmer at the side of the fire for an hour and a half to two hours. Emilia.

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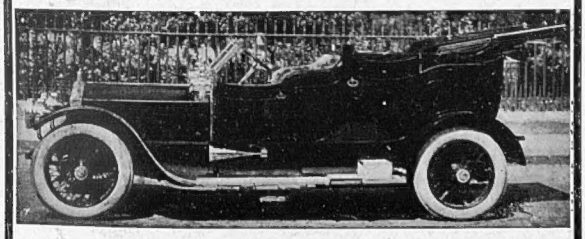

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The Editor's Box

Broadway Theatre

One of the best pantomimes in London is that at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, where *Cinderella* is being played to enormous business. Miss Kitty Colyer is the "Cinders," and one of the successes of the evening,or afternoon, as the case may be, is her clever dancing. Others in the cast are Miss Daphne Hope as the Prince, and Messrs. Josh Dixon, Mark Lester, Joe Nightingale, and Dale and O'Malley. The pantomime is singularly free from any suggestion of vulgarity.

The Coliseum

Crowded houses continue to be the order of the day at the Coliseum, where there is the usual strong programme. Last week it was difficult to obtain a seat, except in advance, and specially popular items were those supplied by James Welch and Co., Miss Zena Dare in "An Artist's Model," and the Great Lafayette.

The Coronet

Yet another *Cinderella* pantomime is to be found at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, where the management have been fortunate in securing so charming an actress as Miss Margaret Macdona to fill the title rôle. Miss Gwladys Soman is the Prince, while Dandini is an alluring "boy" as impersonated by Miss Rosie Begarnie. The humour, refreshingly lacking in vulgarity, is supplied by a strong band of comedians.

In Aid of Charity: Rumpelstiltskin

St. James-the-Less Schoolroom, Westminster, was packed last Wednesday and Thursday evenings to witness this clever and interesting children's play, being performed by a young and talented cast. Mr. Russell Thorndike's impersonation of the difficult character, Rumpelstiltskin, was exceedingly clever. Miss Eileen Thorndike's Old King Cole was a great study and a masterpiece in acting. To this young lady must be accorded no little praiss, especially for the able manner in which she portrayed the typical bluff and merry King. Mrs. Arthur Green as Sophia, the miller's daughter, and afterwards the wife of King Cole, acted and sang charmingly. Mr. Charles D. Simpson as the Court Minstrel made a "hit," singing and acting in most finished style, and it is a pity there was not more of him.

Marlborough Theatre

At the Holloway Theatre, we have *Dick Whittington*. An exceptionally strong cast includes Will Evans and Dan Crawley as Idle Jack and the Cook respectively, Miss Ida Valli as Dick, Miss Gertie Savage as Alice, and the Brothers Etharien.

Presentation to the Valparaiso Sporting Club by Mr. H. S. Sydney Merritt

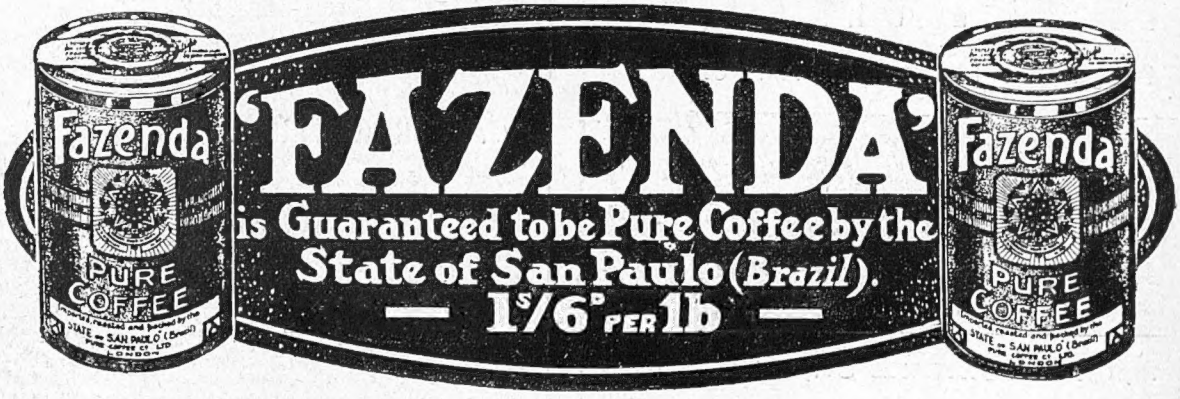
This solid silver cup is the gift of Mr. H. S. Sydney Merritt to the Valparaiso Sporting Club for their Ladies Plate. The design of the cup is of Roman origin, the body being ornamented with four finely embossed classic masks and other Bacchic symbols. The cup was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

The "Phoenix" Superheater

For some time past several of the principal British railways have been conducting a series of experiments with a device which promises to effect a large saving in the coal consumption bill. The device now being successfully tried is the "Phœnix" superheater, a British invention, which at small cost can be fixed to any existing locomotive without requiring any special design or alteration in the heating surface of the boiler. The main idea of this superheater is to further heat the steam, after it has been generated, by passing it through a series of tubes. The steam thus intensified increases in volume from 20 to 25 per cent., or, in other words, from 20 to 25 per cent. less steam is required than if ordinary saturated steam were used. This, it is claimed, means a saving in coal consumption of about 23 per cent. These experiments, having an important bearing on the dividend earnings of the railways, should be particularly interesting to railway investors.

The Piccadilly Hotel

New Year's Eve was celebrated in right royal and truly time-honoured fashion at the Piccadilly Hotel. Supper was served to no less than 1,200 guests in the beautiful restaurant and grill-room, which were gaily decorated for the occasion. The floral table decorations were charming in the extreme, and the whole of the arrangements made by Mr. Heim for the entertainment of the guests were most comprehensive and fully appreciated. The New Year was announced by Westminster chimes, and on the stroke of twelve the lights were extinguished and an ingenious electrical illumination, hitherto concealed among a large floral frieze, threw out the words "A Happy New Year." "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and handsome souvenirs of the occasion were presented. The new annexe to the grill-room was opened for the first time on New Year's Eve.

A Royal Appointment

Hostesses in search of flowers for table decorations or other purposes should pay a visit to the Floral Depot, Ltd., of 47, Baker Street. Their handsome display of flowers is always carried out in good taste by the Managing Director, Mr. P. Anthos, F.R.H.S. They have just received a Royal appointment from King George V.